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OCTOBER
1996

MAD

NUMBER
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"Most people are so lazy, they don't even exercise good judgement!"
— Alfred E. Neuman

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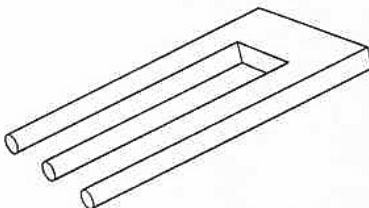
the usual gang of idiots

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SO WHAT'S YOUR POIUYT?



The "POIUYT" was introduced by MAD in issue number 93 (March '65). The "Usual Gang of Idiots" gave an unpronounceable name to an optical illusion. Yesterday, I realized that P-O-I-U-Y-T is six consecutive typewriter letters starting backwards from the P. In other words, it took me over 31 years to get this joke.

Jerry Moore
Cerritos, CA

Jer — You got the joke? Great! Now you can finally move on to issue #94! We look forward to hearing from you about the jokes you got from that issue in the year 2027! —Ed.

THE SCHMUCK STOPS HERE

How much of a schmuck do you have to be to get your letter in MAD?

Derek Elton
Seattle, WA

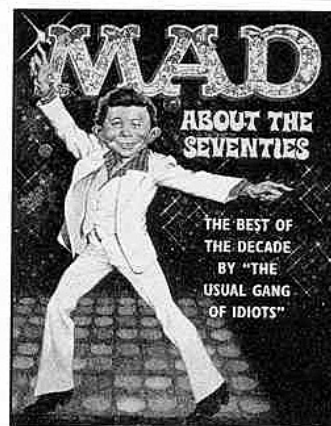
Derek — We think you hit it just about right! You made the cut! You crossed that invisible line in the sand! Hit the nail on the head! Bullseye! Bingo! Ringer! Picked up the 7-10 split! Scored a hat trick! Cleared the bases! Rang the bell! Got Boardwalk and Park Place! Gooooooooo! You follow, schmuck?! —Ed.

P.S. — If you don't know what all these phrases mean, visit your local King County Library!



LETTERS &

MAD ABOUT THE SEVENTIES



Do you have your copy of MAD About the Seventies yet? Just published by Little, Brown and Company, the book presents the best (?) of MAD satire printed during the comical decade that gave us Watergate, Jimmy Carter, Disco, Star Wars, Gas shortages, Charlie's Angels...and Dave Berg's in there too! Look for it at a bookstore near you! And have a nice day!

MAD READER GETS BENT

I think that you should change the way that you sell your magazines at the newsstand. I bought an issue a while ago and something terrible happened. When I brought it to the checkout counter and had it rung up, the computer broke (freak accident). I had to stay until it was fixed (20 minutes) or I wouldn't get my MAD. That would be bad. During this wait, the dolt clerk took the magazine, rolled it up and bashed it on the counter! The nerve! By the time I got my magazine, it was ripped, bent and looked old. When I asked for a new one, she (the clerk) stated, "If it's bent by your fault, you have to keep it." Like hell! She bent it when she bashed it. A long talk after, I got a new one. I think you should have the magazines in plastic with a bend guard.

Val Lovely
Boise, ID

Val — We assume your request for a "bend guard" was a typographical error since we couldn't locate any. The closest thing we could find was Bengay, so we assume that's what you meant! Therefore, starting next issue, every copy of MAD will be slathered with Bengay, and all our readers will have you to thank! —Ed.

INSIGNIFICANT DATA

CD-ROM ALERT!

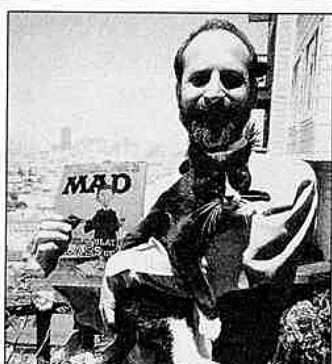
Want to listen to the songs from MAD Grooves on the free CD-ROM in this issue but you don't have a computer? Then just pop it in your CD player! Track 2 is Barely Alive, Track 3 is Blind Date and Track 4 is It's a Gas! Why no track #1? Because no MAD music will ever make it to #1! Fo!

MAD #351 ON SALE OCT. 22!!

**MAD SUPER SPECIAL #117
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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CLUB OF '65?



Seth Ammerman, M.D. of Palo Alto, CA was recently rummaging around his mom's basement when he found the photo on the left, documenting the first meeting of the MAD Club of Somerset, MD in July, 1965! Seth's dachshund, Dolly, was the club mascot. On the right is Dr. Seth today with his new mascot, Camille! We checked our records, Seth, and discovered you never sent us our share of the club dues. With interest, you owe us \$739,459.23! We're expecting your check this week! Thanks for letting us know! Fa fa!

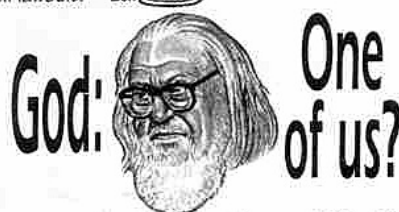
TOMATOES DEPARTMENT

GOD ONLY KNOWS

I would just like to tell you that in your "What if God Was One of Us?" article (MAD #347) you stated that God wrote the Bible in the Larry King section of the satire. This is wrong. Prophets and Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Bible. Maybe you guys should hire a Priest or Religion Editor!

Ryan Born
La Crosse, WI

Brother Ryan — Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? What the heck do the New Kids on the Block have to do with the Bible?? Besides, if God didn't write the Bible, then why has he been collecting royalties on it for the last unakjillion years? Man, we smell lawsuits! —Ed.



I have several problems with your "What if God Was One of Us?" feature (MAD #347):

- 1) Regardless of Joan Osborne's evident lack of brain cells, the question is in the subjunctive mood, and thus should read "What if God Were One of Us?"
- 2) God wearing glasses? Come on! The Omniscient One needs glasses? Get real!
- 3) The *Jeopardy!* joke has already been made in cartoon form; just ask Gary Larson of *The Far Side* fame. In that panel, by the way, you misspell "omniscient."
- 4) If God gets "to come out first on *Larry King Live*," why does Larry say, "We're spending our final minutes with God!"
- 5) Woody Allen is disgusted by God having "crab meat caught in his beard." God, I assure you, would keep Kosher! Crab meat is prohibited! Much like MAD should be for these blatant errors!

Lex Friedman
Wyomissing, PA

Lexus — Reading over your ponderous points gave our minds a chance to wander and think about a few questions we'd like to ask God (if He were one of us!):

- 1) What in the name of You were You thinking when you made Lex Friedman?
- 2) Would You be willing to take Lex back NOW?
- 3) Short of #2, would You consider condemning him for all eternity to the fiery pits of hell, where the flames of Satan would lap and lick at his flesh on a daily basis?
- 4) Short of #3, could You just send him on one of those hellish Kathie Lee Carnival Cruises?
- 5) Do you eat crab meat?

Thanks for writing, and may God bless you! —Ed.

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THE THINGS OUT THERE

AND SO IS THIS...

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(And be sure to look for our giant display at the Area 51 gift shop!)

ON SALE OCTOBER 22!

Please Address All Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 350, 1700 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

A TIP OF THE CAPRA DEPT.

It's a Wonderful Life is a heartwarming film about the positive impact one man's life had on all those around him. It starred Jimmy Stewart as the troubled man who learns a valuable lesson. Over the years it's become an American classic, enjoyed by generations. *It's a Blunderful Life* is a less-than-heartwarming movie satire about the questionable impact one man's election had on all those around him. It stars Bill Clinton as the troubled politician who never seems to learn his lesson. Hopefully, this too will become an American classic enjoyed by generations. Given MAD's policy of reprinting articles over and over again in Super Specials, we think that's pretty much a done deal! Here's...

It's a Blunderful Life

Richard Nixon, as an apprentice angel you have been working in the heavenly kitchen since you arrived! Now you have a chance to become a full-fledged angel and earn your other wing by doing a good deed!

Thanks! Although I must admit I've always felt most comfortable with just the right wing!

The mission is back on earth! If you succeed, you will be promoted and relieved of your current assistant chef post! After all, didn't you once say, "I am not a cook!"?

Close enough!

HOUSTON... WE'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM!

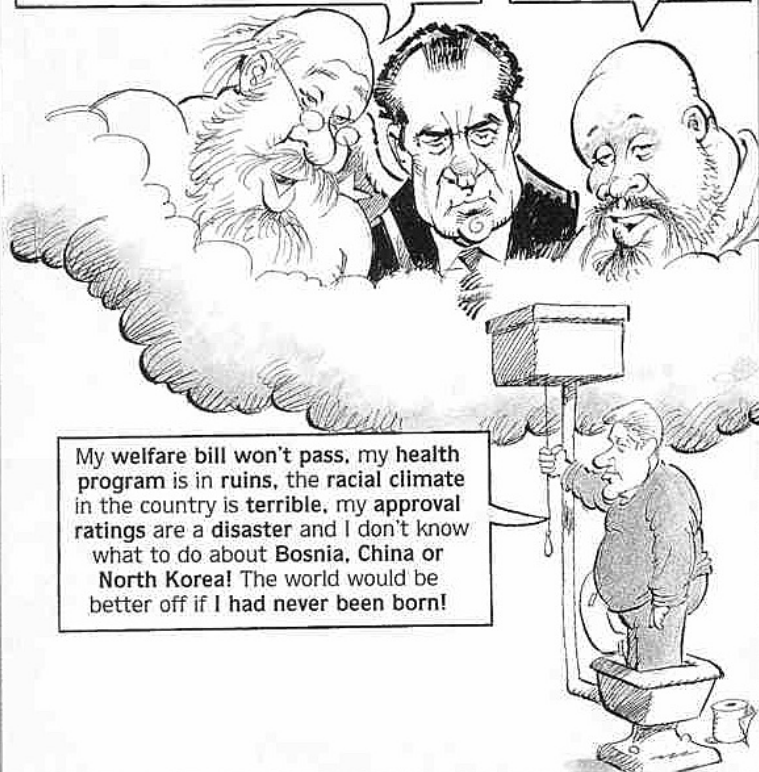


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

His name is **Bill Clinton**! As a youth, he gave up his dream of being a ne'er-do-well, womanizing sleaze so his brother could become one instead! The closest thing he could find was going into politics!

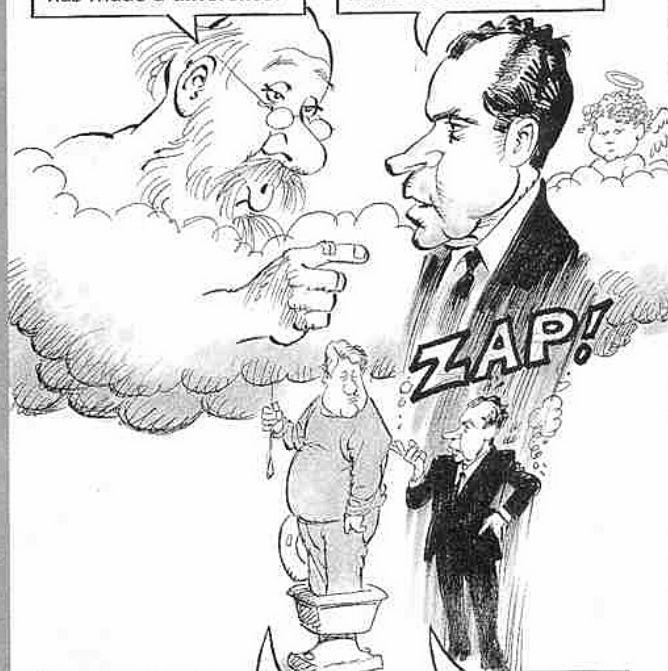
He is now in a state of despair and is contemplating flushing himself into the Potomac!



My welfare bill won't pass, my health program is in ruins, the racial climate in the country is terrible, my approval ratings are a disaster and I don't know what to do about Bosnia, China or North Korea! The world would be better off if I had never been born!

You must stop him and show him how his life has made a difference!

I'll try, but I thought only God can perform miracles that difficult!



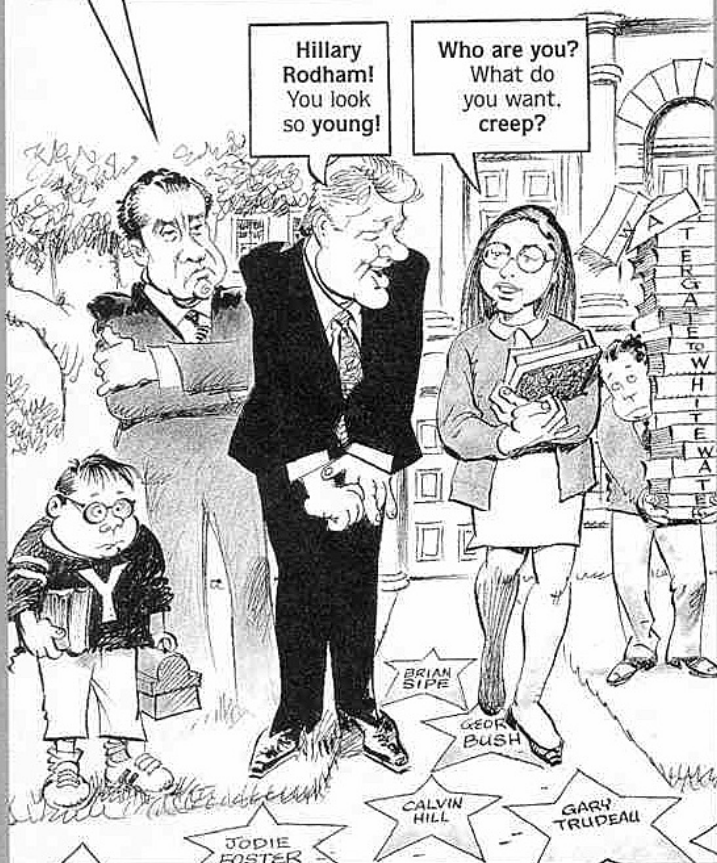
Who are you? There's no White House men's room attendant! Don't tell me you're another one of Stephanopoulos' dumb ideas!

I'm your guardian angel! I will show you what the world would be like if you had never been born!

Let's go back to Yale Law School in 1973!

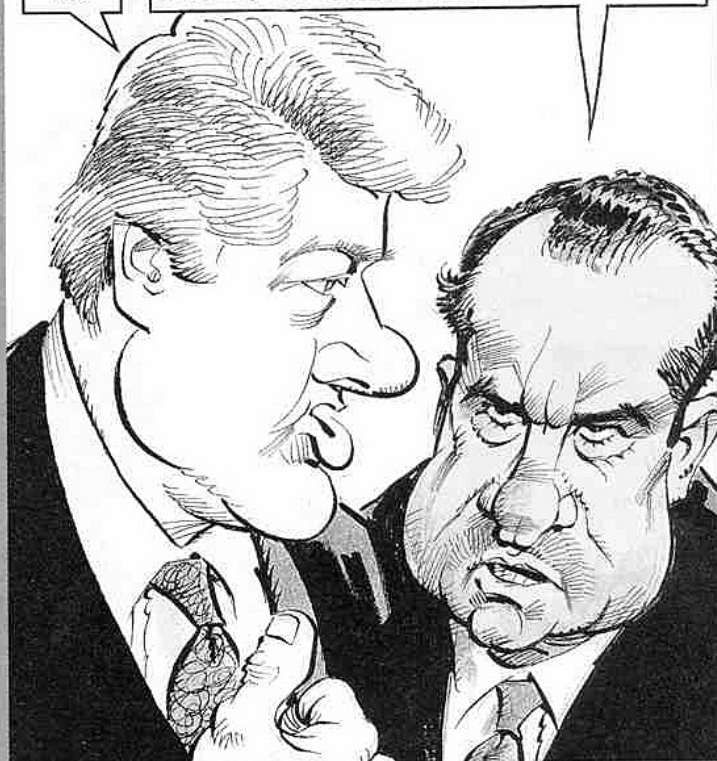
Hillary Rodham! You look so young!

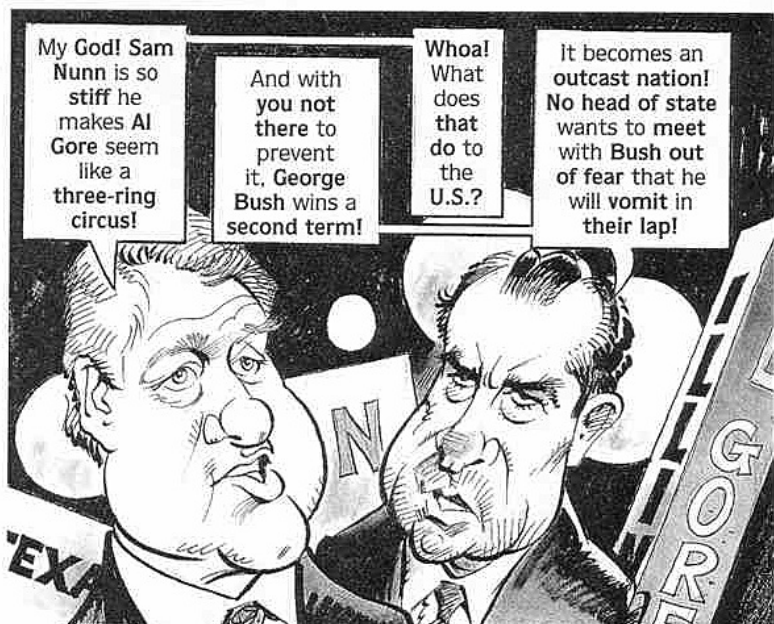
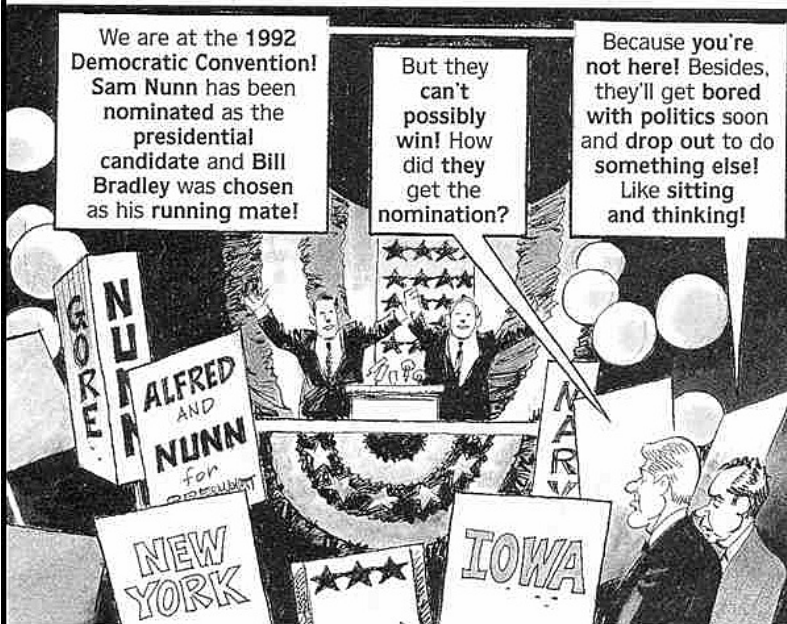
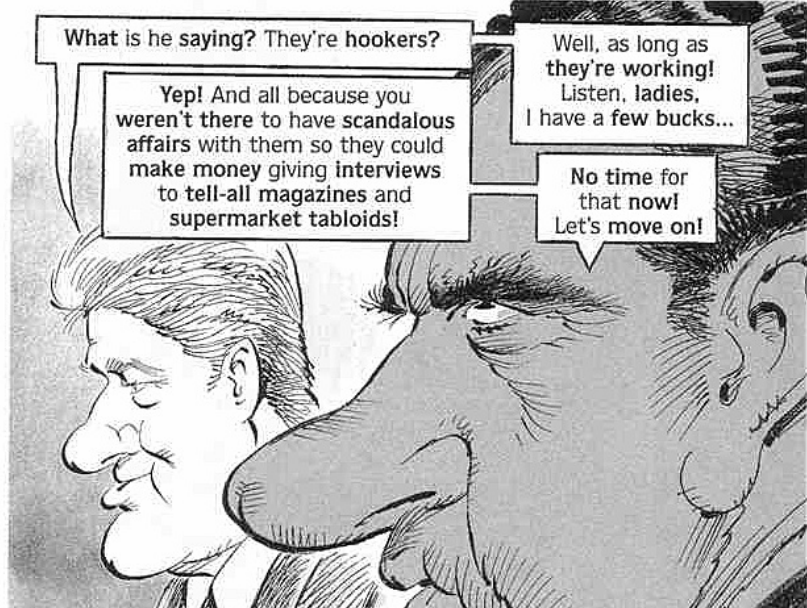
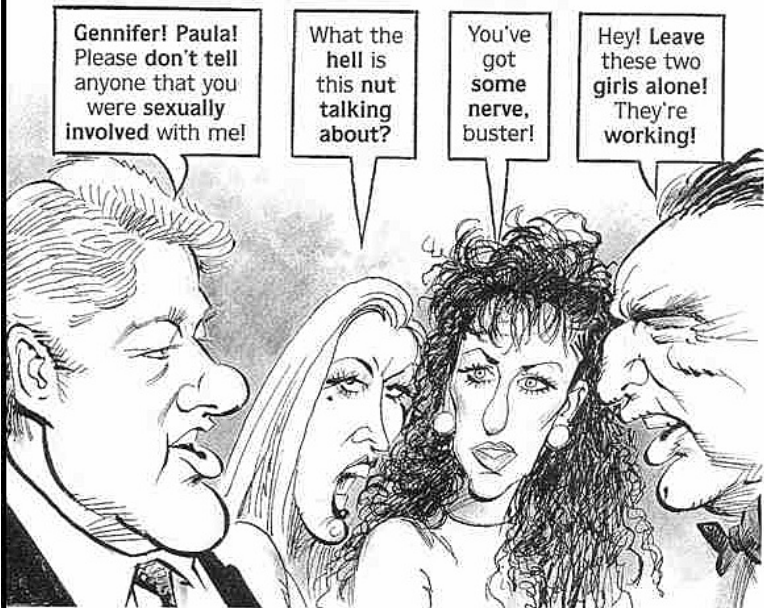
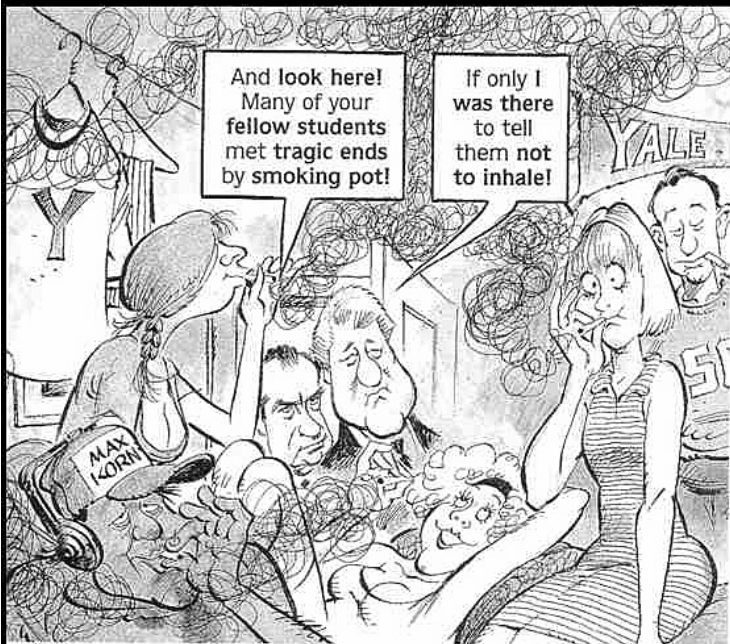
Who are you? What do you want, creep?



She doesn't know who I am!

Of course not! That's because you were never born! And if you were never born, she couldn't have met you! Then she would have to go through life looking like that instead of getting an enormously expensive, intensive makeover as the First Lady of Arkansas and then the United States!







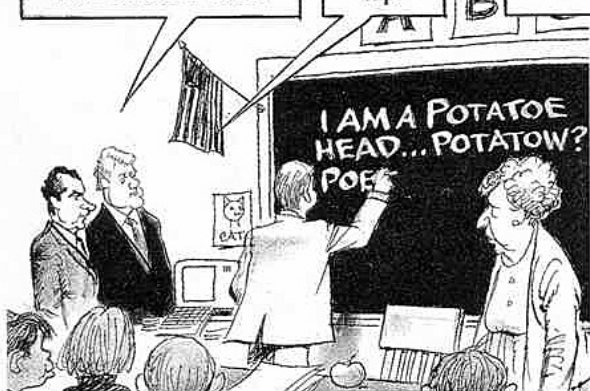
On the domestic scene, spelling scores across the land plummet as Dan Quayle gets more and more exposure after being endorsed by President Bush for the GOP nomination in 1996!

Quayle in '96? Now I feel like vomiting in your lap!

If there are any gay servicemen here, they don't have to be afraid any longer! My policy of "Don't ask, don't tell, don't cuddle" makes sexual orientation discrimination a thing of the past!

Are you nuts? In the Bush/Cheney/Powell army if you're found with a Judy Garland, Barbra Streisand or Bette Midler album, it's grounds for automatic dishonorable discharge! Of course, you being a draft dodger, you never had to worry about such things!

Yeltsin is smashed again! He's a scream! But this time it looks like he's going to fall on his face!



Boris, be careful!
You dare call me "Boris"? Arrest that stranger!

Without you there to prop him up, he might mortally injure himself! And there goes U.S./Russian cooperation!

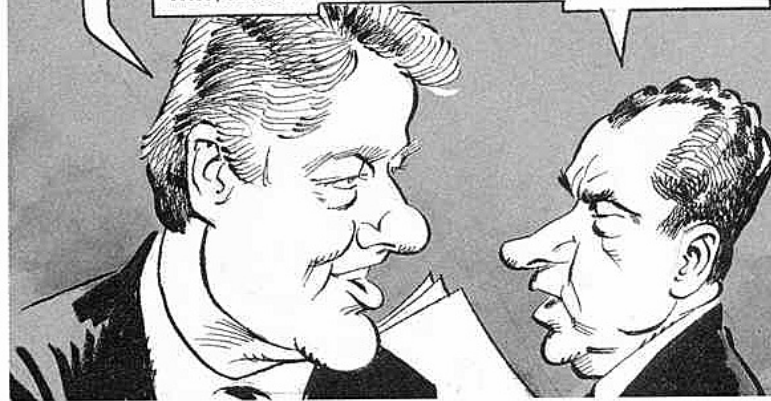


He doesn't even admit that he's a drunk! He claims that he drinks vodka but doesn't swallow! Who's going to believe that?

Well, I think you've made a believer out of me! The world is a better place because I was born!

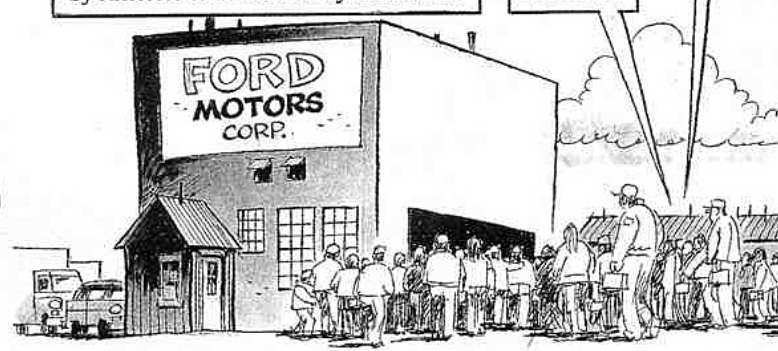
Before your ego starts to resemble the Goodyear Blimp, let's look at a few more situations! Just for a balanced view!

Who, indeed!



You know the GM, Ford and Chrysler plants that have closed recently? Well, if you'd never been born, neither would NAFTA — your North American Free Trade Alliance! Then those factories would still be operating and the jobs would be held by Americans instead of by Mexicans!

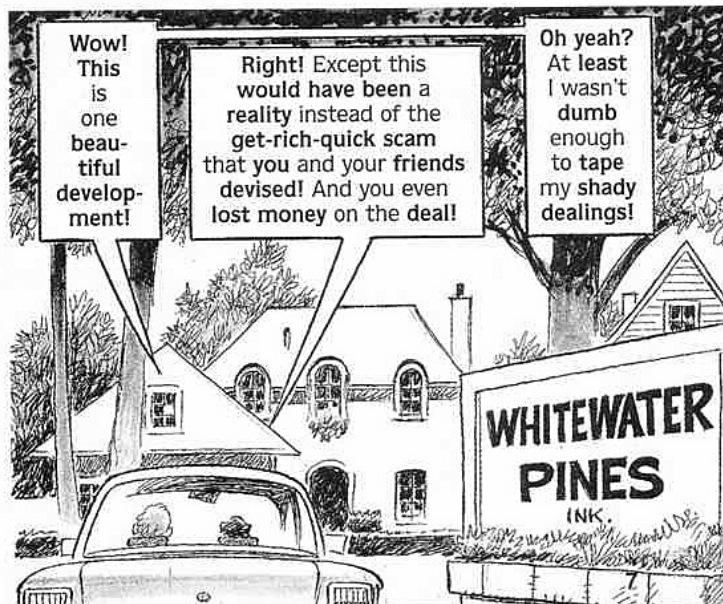
Yeah, but who knew?
U.S. factory workers, if you had chosen to ask them!



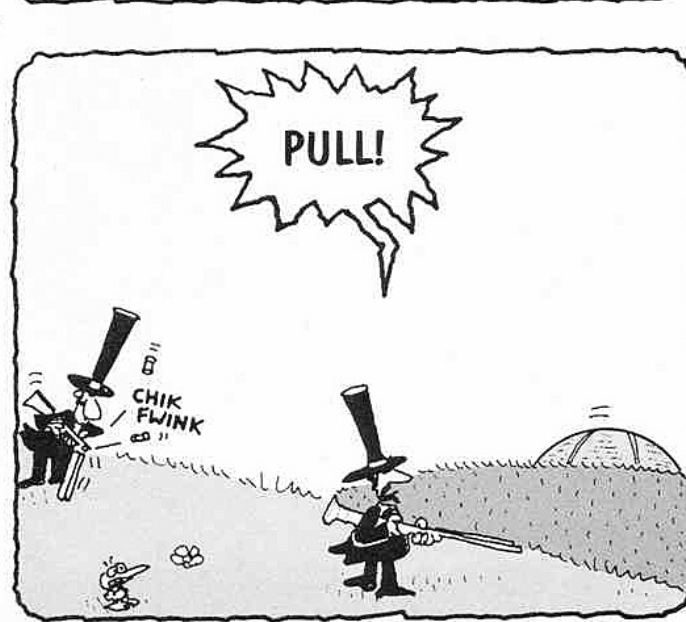
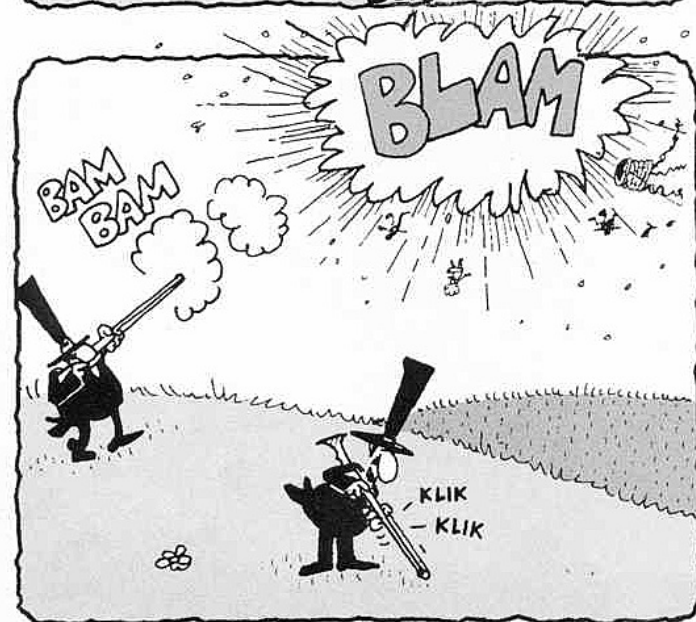
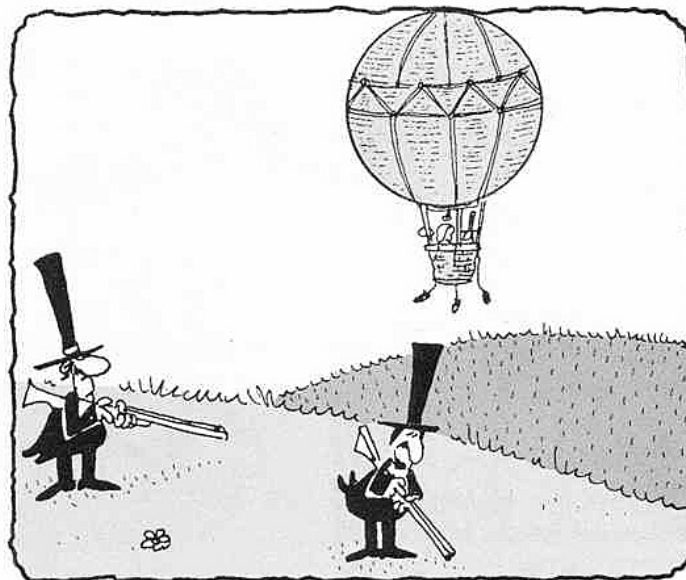
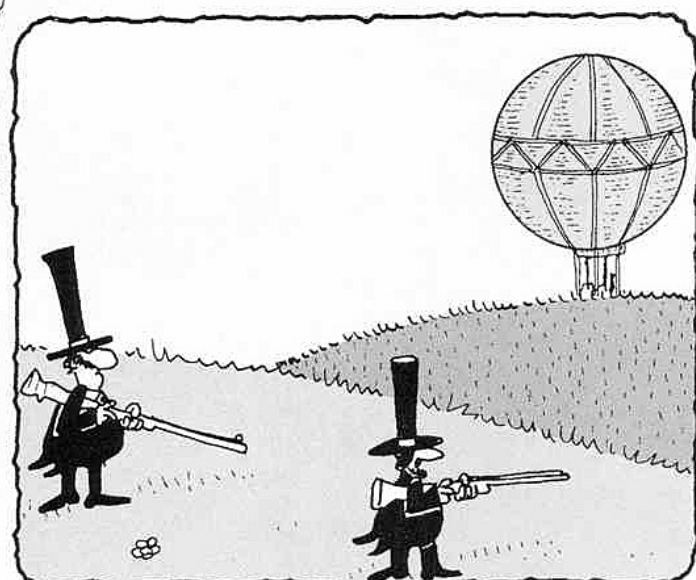
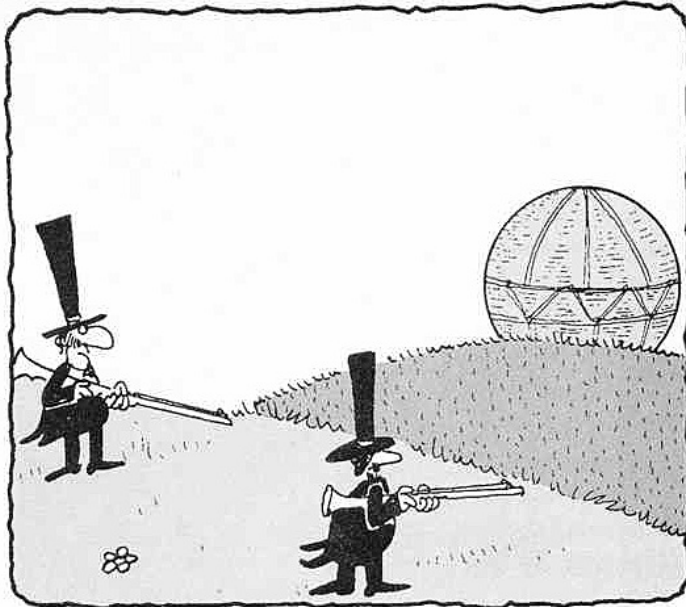
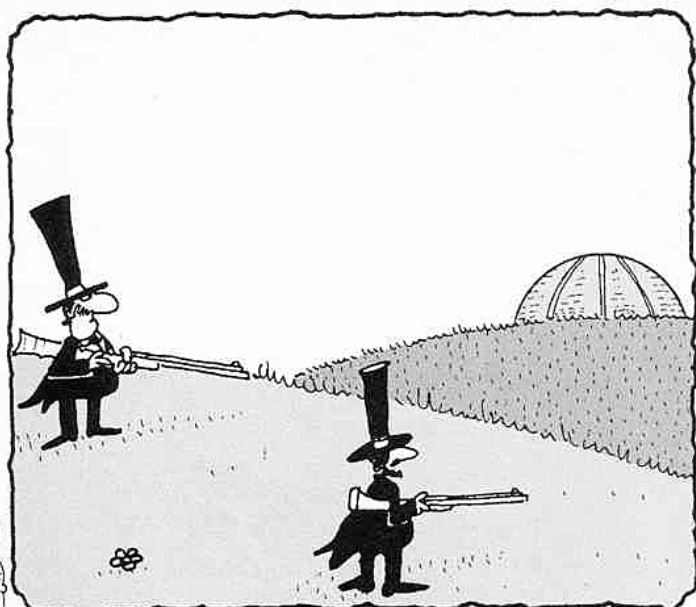
Wow! This is one beautiful development!

Right! Except this would have been a reality instead of the get-rich-quick scam that you and your friends devised! And you even lost money on the deal!

Oh yeah? At least I wasn't dumb enough to tape my shady dealings!



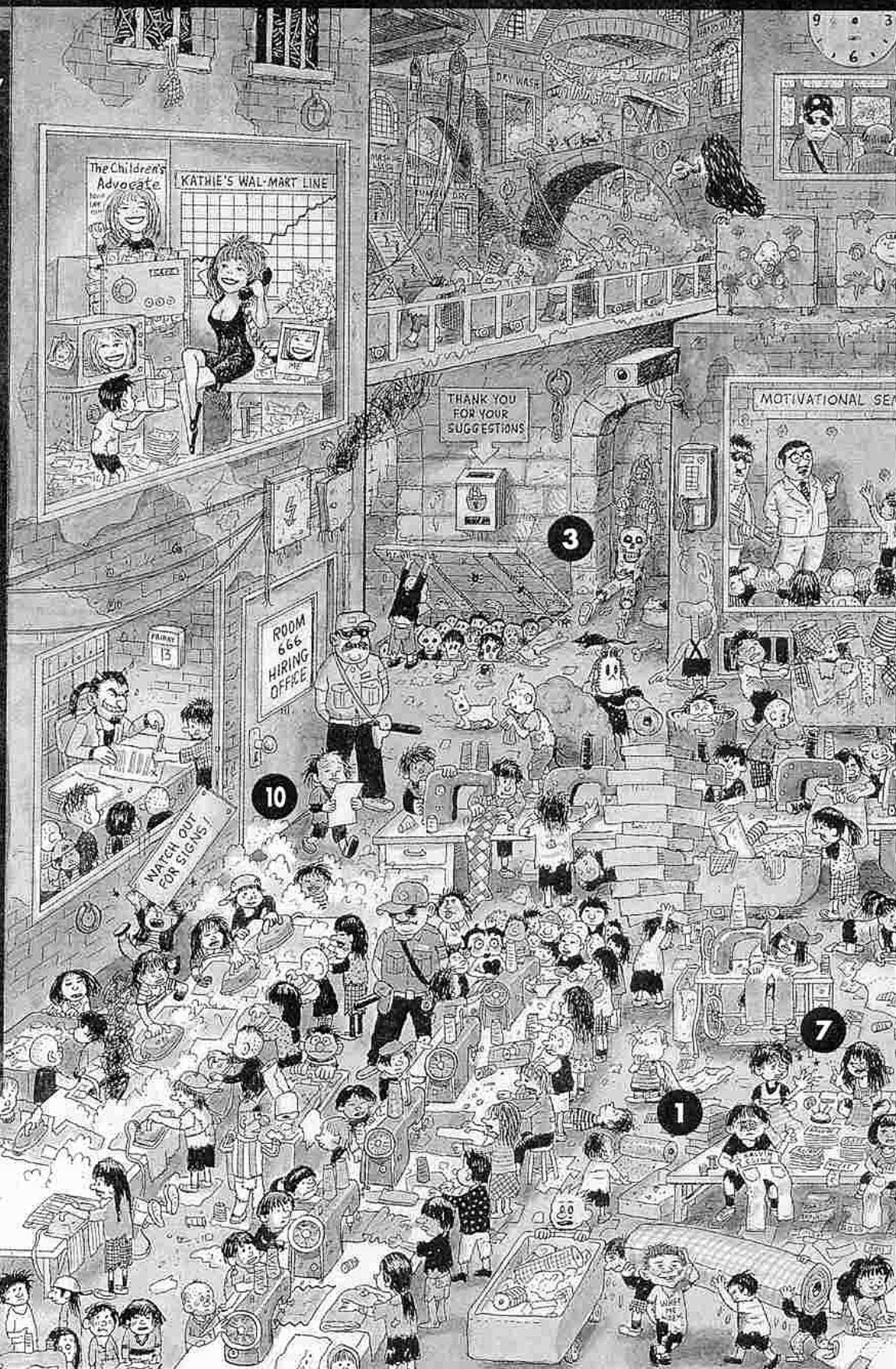
THE BRACING BON VIVANT BALLOONACY



A STITCH IN CRIME DEPT.

Kathie Lee Gifford has come under fire lately for mistreating children! She's been accused of using sweatshop labor to churn out her cheap, third-rate clothing line! Sensing that the public has turned on her, Kathie Lee is leading the charge to end this cruel exploitation forever! Thanks to Ms. Gifford, impoverished children in Third World countries 'round the globe will now know if they're being exploited simply by reviewing...

1. You put in a 12-hour day sewing on labels that read, "Kalvin Cline."
2. The sign in the company restroom reads, "EMPLOYEES MUST WASH REMAINING FINGERS BEFORE RETURNING TO WORK!"
3. The last person to use the suggestion box hasn't been seen in months.
4. You find yourself surreptitiously stitching the word "HELP" across the back of every third denim jacket.
5. After six fifteen-hour days, you go out and blow your entire paycheck on a couple packs of Twinkies.
6. The last book you read was "Threading the Singer Series 6500 Stitch-Rite For Dummies."
7. You're envious because the guy next to you owns his own thimble.
8. Your command of the English language is limited to the following phrase: "Machine wash/tumble dry."
9. The frequent motivational seminars usually involve live ammo.
10. Your résumé indicates that you're 12-years-old with eight years of experience steam-pleating Dockers.
11. The gossip at the water cooler centers around why the water is a deep beige.
12. Frank Gifford is handing you money and you haven't even washed his car.



[illegible]

UTTERED NONSENSE DEPT.

"What—me worry?" "Read my lips" and "That'll be \$35, Hugh." Not too tough to pair the quote with the celebrity, is it? On the other hand, you could spend a lifetime trying to match the stars with these...

QUOTE

JIM CARREY

I can't do this scene, it's stupid!

I want to be known for my acting ability, not making goofy faces and noises!

I'd like to thank the Academy...

BILL GATES

We can't ship this software—it doesn't work right!

...but it's gotta be compatible with everything else on the market!

Let's not be greedy!

GERALDO RIVERA

...but enough about the O.J. Trial!

Listen, pal, you can peddle your slimy celebrity "tell all" book somewhere else!

Sure, it would get viewers to tune in—but that doesn't make it right!

ANNA NICOLE SMITH

I could never marry a man I didn't love!

Just don't make them TOO big, Doctor!

I'm going to a funeral, I need something dignified to wear!

BARBRA STREISAND

Rainforest, schmainforest!

Keep the ticket prices affordable; it's not like I need the money!

Wait, let's hear what the Republican side is!

SNOOP DOGGY DOGG

Hey, hey, fellows—show the ladies some respect!

Ooops, that doesn't rhyme!

Yes, Officer, happy to oblige!



ES YOU CAN BET WERE NEVER SAID

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

JOHNNIE COCHRAN

All I'm interested in is the Truth!

Sure, I could play the "race card"—but it would be very wrong!

Let the other lawyers play to the TV cameras; not me!

NEWT GINGRICH

Maybe we should study this social program before we eliminate it!

Give me a minute to think before I answer that question!

Now hold on, Rev. Jackson has a point!

BILL CLINTON

Sorry, Miss, but I'm a married man!

I'm not going to back down!

Forget about what the opinion polls say!

COURTNEY LOVE

I can't go out looking like this!

I can't be doin' drugs anymore—I'm a mother!

Lemme check my makeup!

HOWARD STERN

Can we talk about something besides sex?

...but enough about me!

Don Imus? the man is a genius!

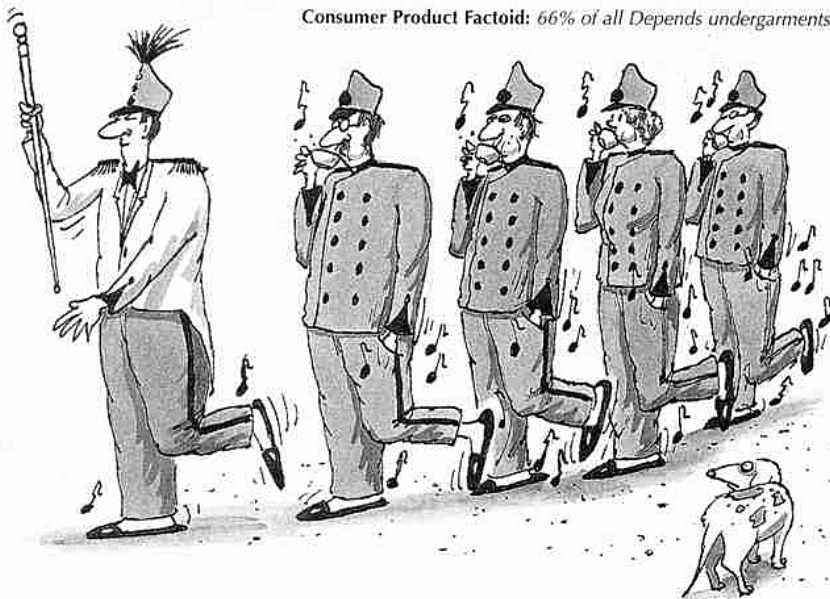
ALEX TREBEK

Oooh, it's not in the form of a question but... what the heck!

Judging from the scores, it looks like today's Final Jeopardy is going to be a big waste of time!

I don't know how to pronounce it so I won't even try!





*Sousa's March #29 in C Sharp for Hot Coffee Slurps,
Pocket Change Jingling and Slipper Shuffles*

BODACIOUS CANTATAS DEPT.

Every musical artist
fails occasionally!
Some — like Michael
Bolton, Kenny G and
Yanni — always fail!
Yep, it can happen to
the best of 'em! Don't
believe us? Then
check out these...



*Shostakovich's Andante #3 in D Sharp Minor
for Root Canal Drill and Saliva Siphon*

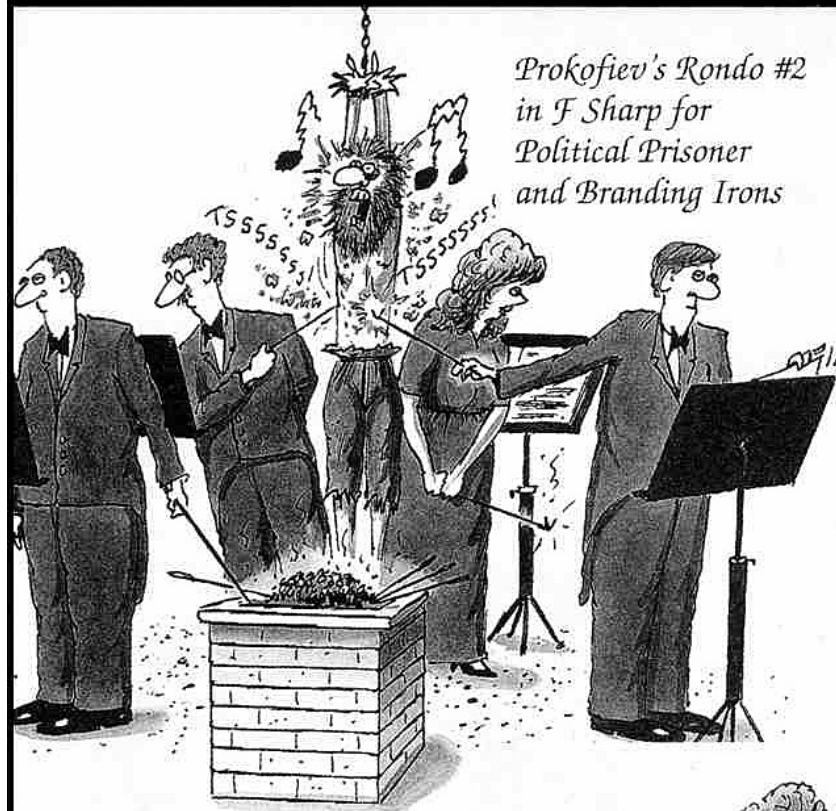
WORKS OF THE GREAT COMPOSE THAT NEVER MADE IT

ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM CHENEY



*Verdi's Cantata #6
in F Major for Toilet
Flushes, Seat Drops
and Lid Slams*

*Prokofiev's Rondo #2
in F Sharp for
Political Prisoner
and Branding Irons*



*Vivaldi's Adagio #2
in B Major for
Sleeping Bag Zippers*

*Bach's
Chromatic
Fantasia and
Fugue in
E Flat for
Knuckle Cracks,
Armpit Squelches
and Knee Pops*



*'Brahms' Duet #14 in B Flat Minor
for Fat Girls in Squeaky Chairs*



*Debussy's Sonata #15 in G for
Plungers on Linoleum*

PLANNING AHEAD



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

PRAISE



FOOD

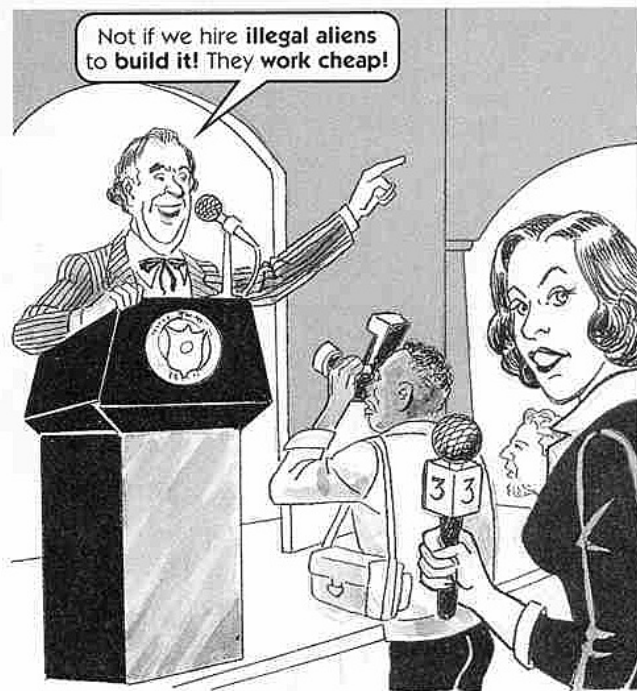
Consumer Product Factoid: 4% of all Monopoly money is placed into collection plates by cheap and/or confused churchgoers.



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

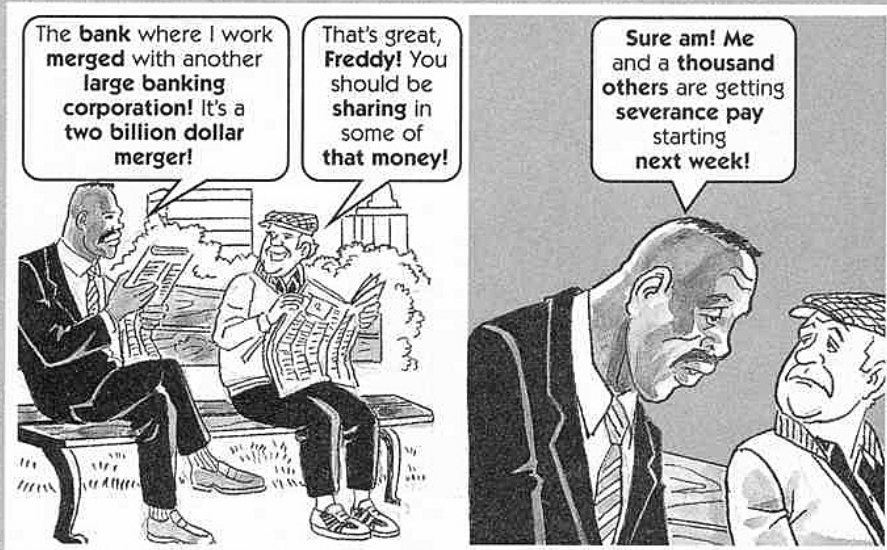
POLITICS



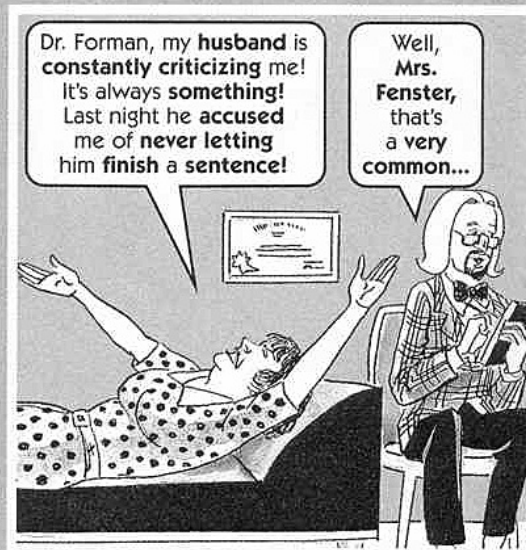
SUSPICION



GROWTH



THERAPY



Consumer Product Factoid: 0% of all Lysol is used in your school's bathroom.

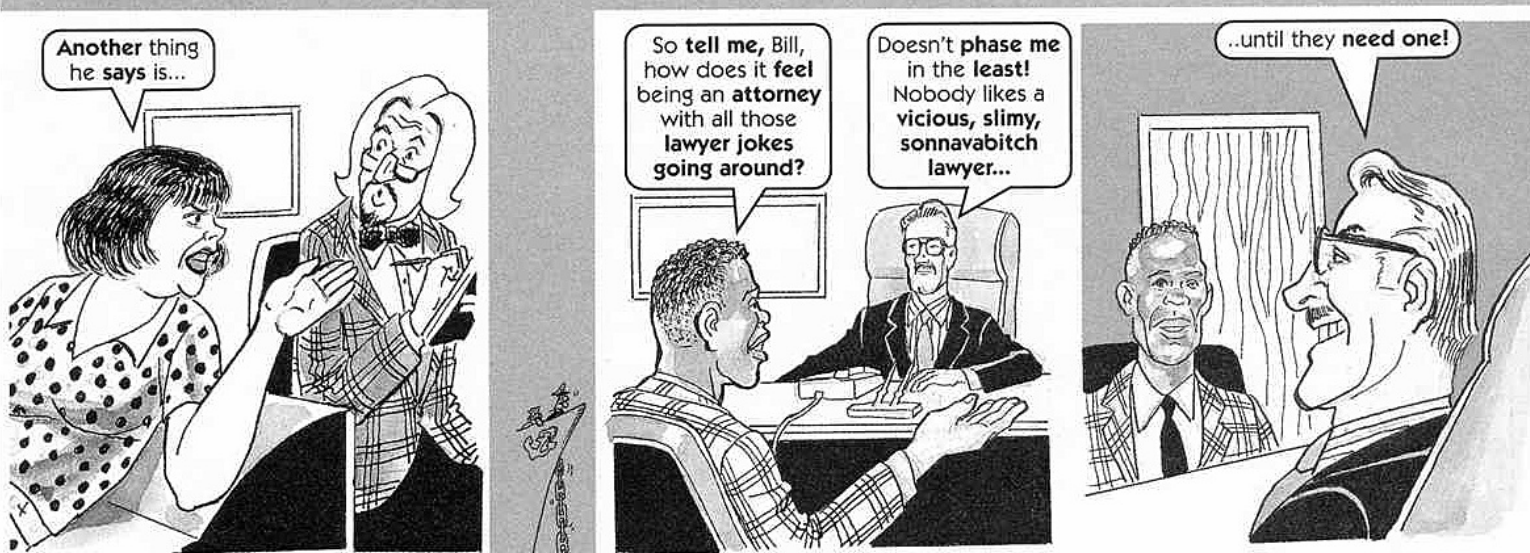
OBSERVATION



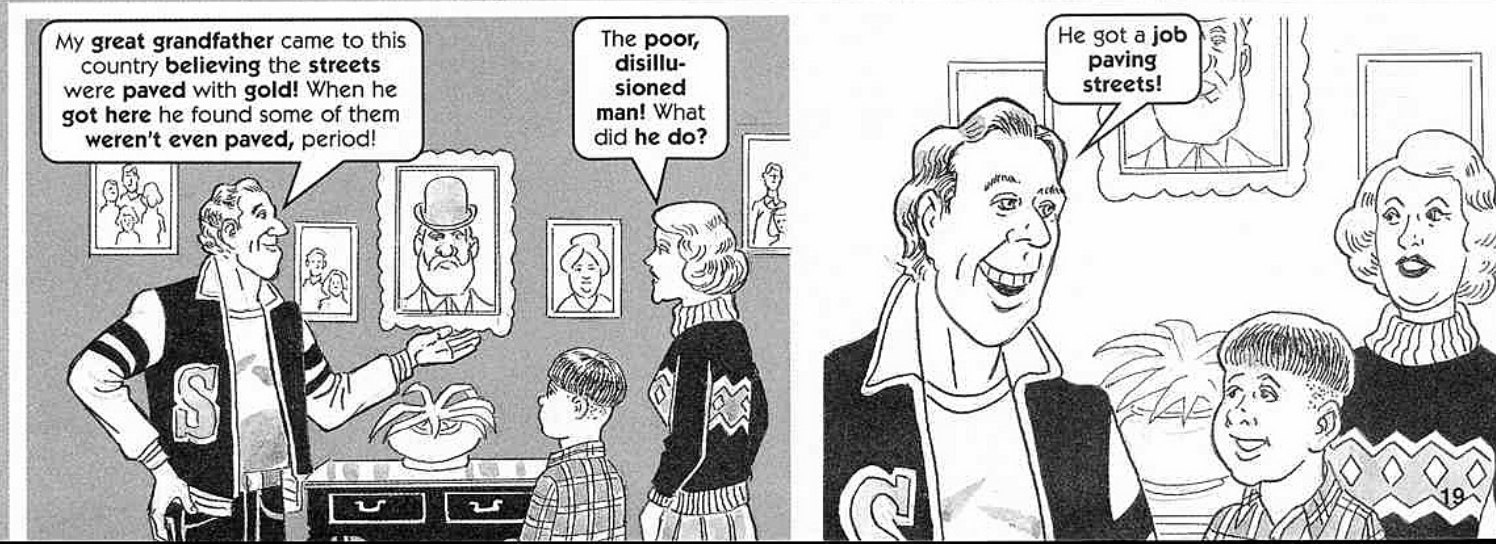
PROGRESS



REPUTATIONS



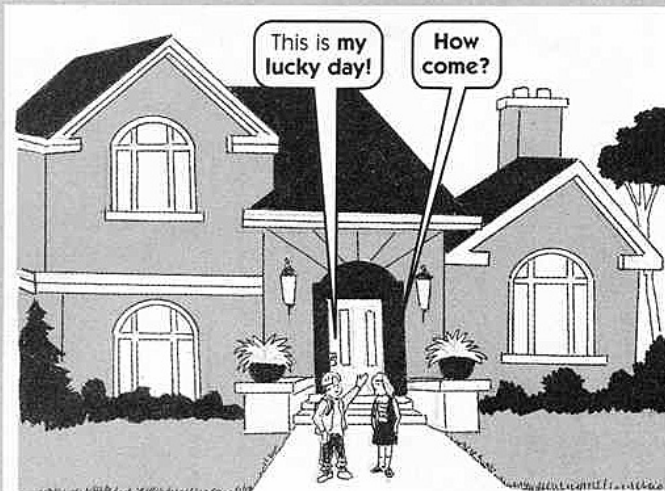
ROOTS



THE OFFICE



GOOD FORTUNE



DOCTORS



Stars are used to being looked at, and their fans certainly love looking at 'em! But once in a while, there'll be fans who require close observation themselves! If you've ever considered shooting the President in order to impress Jodie Foster, or Foster Brooks, or even Mel Brooks, you really need to study the fine line that will tell you when...

**you're
their**

BIGGEST FAN

...but you just might be a

STALKER if...



when you're their biggest fan...

*...you have
a very
special
place
in your
heart for
that celebrity.*



**but you
just might
be a
stalker
if...**

*...you have a very
special place
in your cellar for
that celebrity.*

when you're their biggest fan...

*...you
purchase
one of those
maps of the
stars'
homes to
find out
where
they live.*



**but you
just might
be a
stalker
if...**

*...your map has
all the escape
routes and
unlocked
windows clearly
marked.*

when you're their biggest fan...

...you feel a personal connection to the liner notes and lyrics that come along with your favorite singer's newest CD.

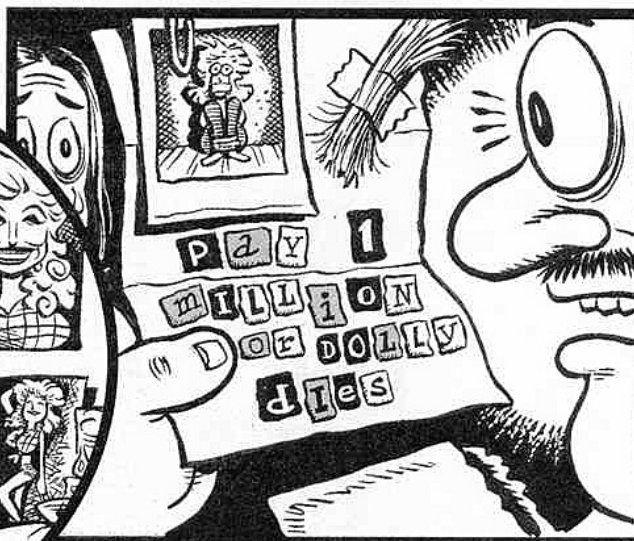


but you just might be a stalker if...

...you look at the shiny side of the CD and wonder why the singer always puts your face on them.

when you're their biggest fan...

...you view a lock of hair or a photograph as a good way for you to feel close to her.

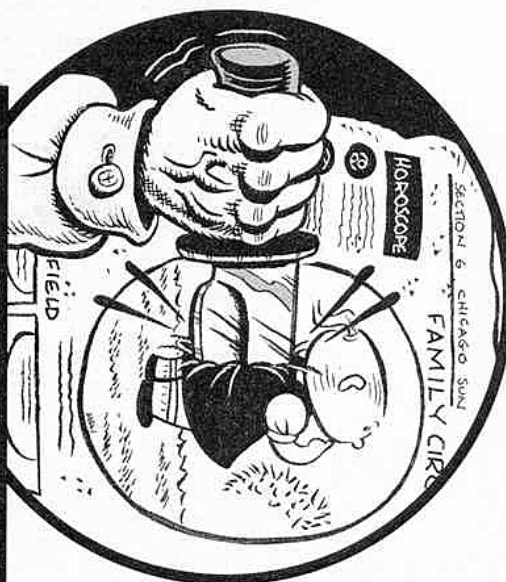


but you just might be a stalker if...

...you view those things as an unbelievably good way for you to convince her family you've got her:

when you're their biggest fan...

...you share their hatred of those sleazy tabloid reporters who constantly harass them to get a cheap headline.



but you just might be a stalker if...

...you see the hidden slurs and insults against them contained in every "Family Circus."



when you're their biggest fan...

...you collect photos of them.

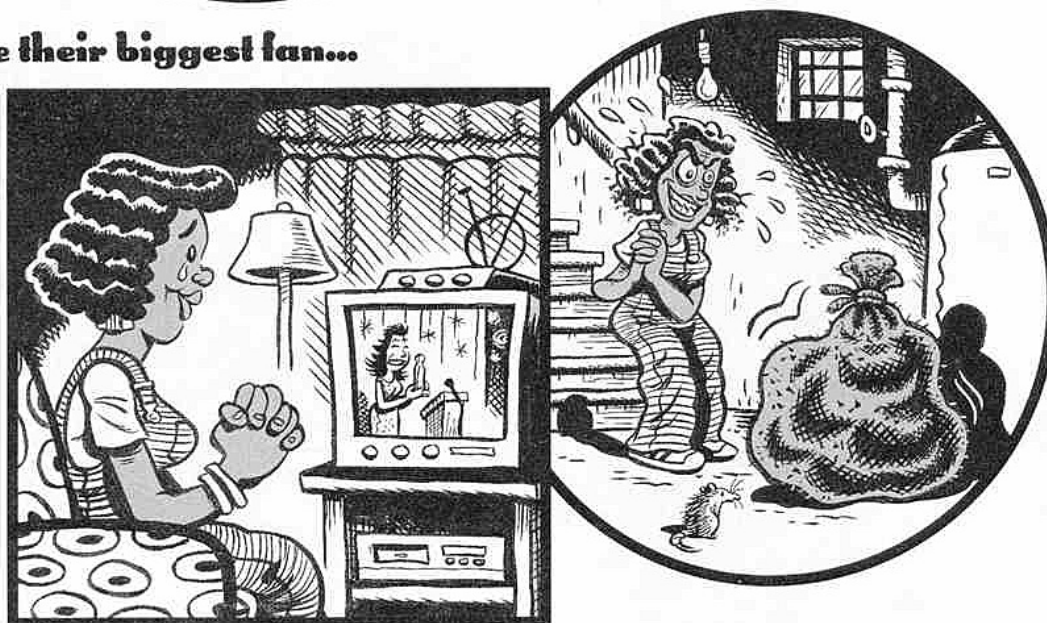


but you just might be a stalker if...

...they distribute photos of you.

when you're their biggest fan...

...you're inspired by their long struggle to rise to the top of the entertainment world.



but you just might be a stalker if...

...you're inspired by their long struggle to get out of the burlap sack you've crammed them into.

when you're their biggest fan...

...you start a web file about them on the Internet.

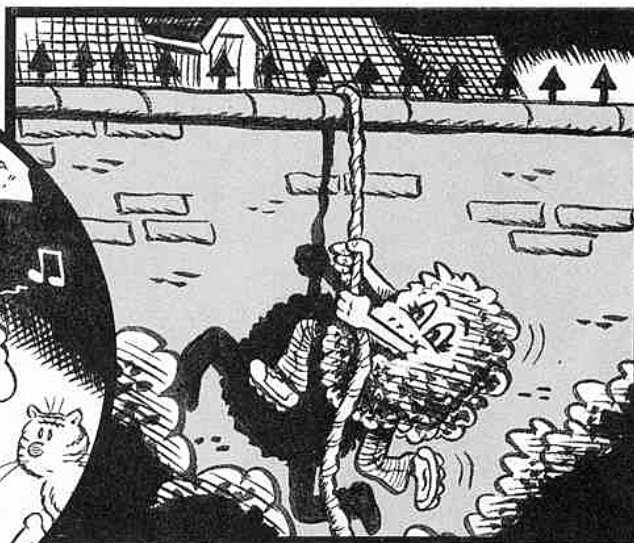


but you just might be a stalker if...

...they start a fact file about you at Interpol.

when you're their biggest fan...

...you go over the lyrics of their songs, again and again.



but you just might be a stalker if...

...you go over the walls of their estate, again and again.

when you're their biggest fan...

...You sometimes like to close your eyes and pretend that they're singing that song especially for you.

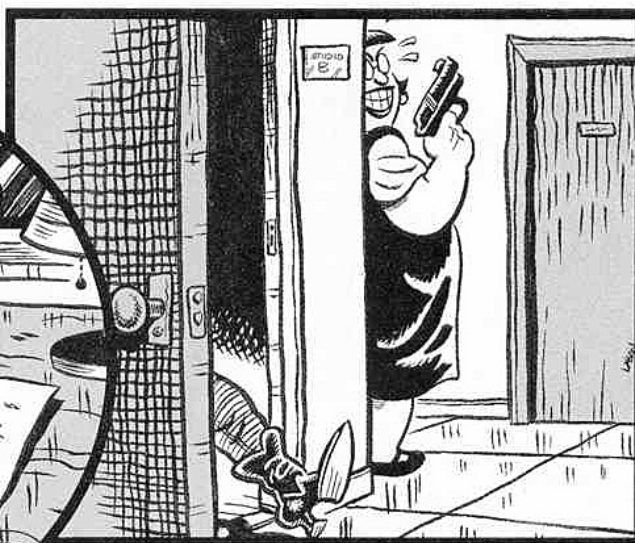


but you just might be a stalker if...

...you giggle because only you understand how they really feel when they call you by one of your secret pet names, like "baby," "you," or "the."

when you're their biggest fan...

...you write to the studio, asking for a glamorous head shot.



but you just might be a stalker if...

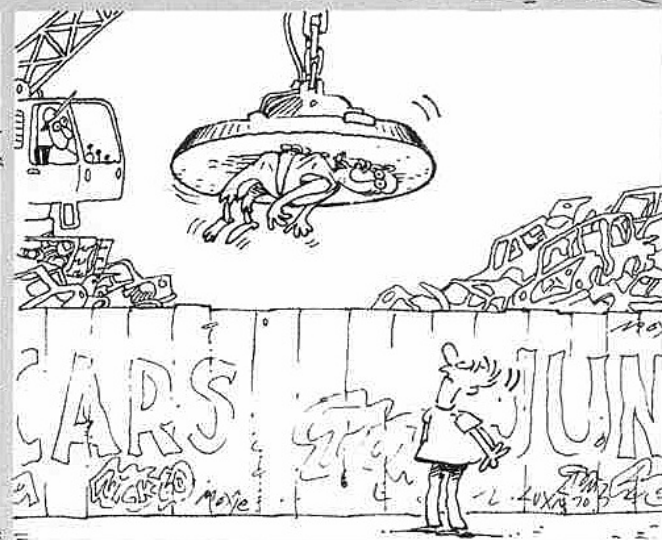
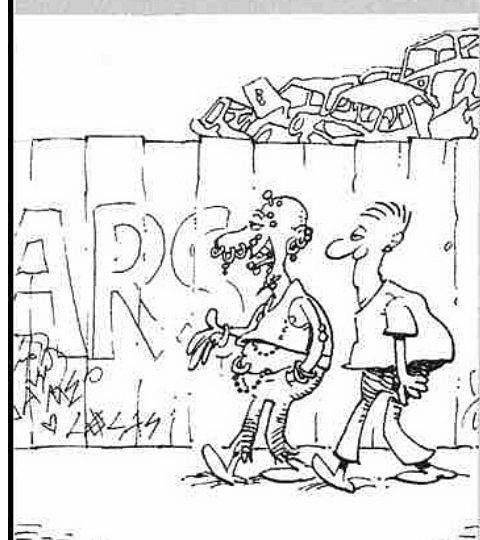
...you wait outside the studio, hoping for one clear head shot.



SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

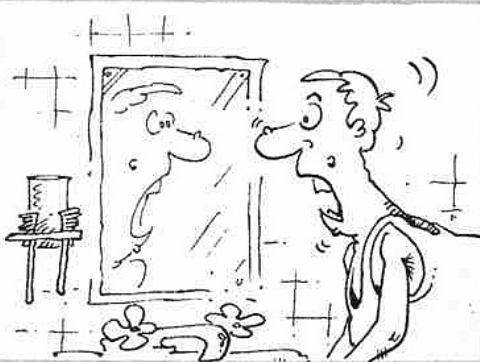
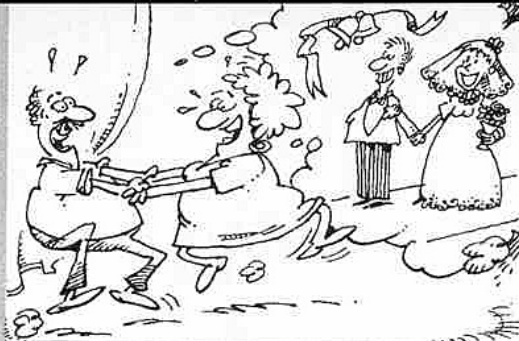
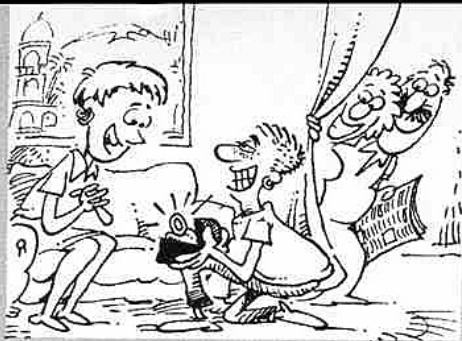
A MAD LOOK AT BODY PIERCING

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



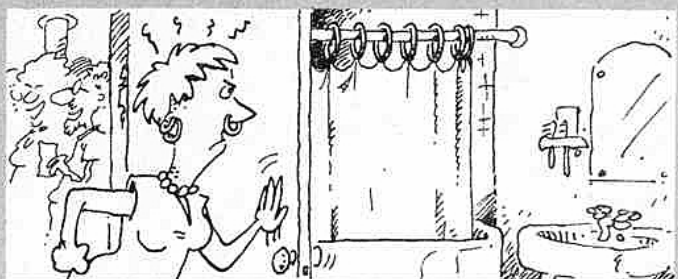
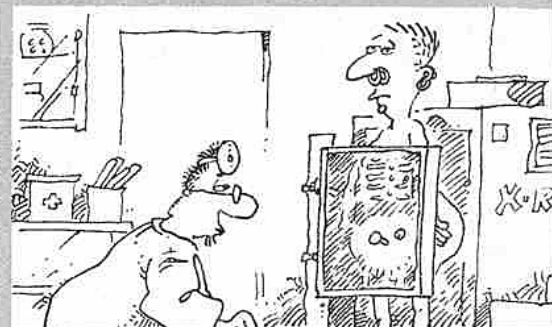
Consumer Product Factoid: 12% of all Tang is consumed by ex-astronauts who can't admit that they have a real problem.





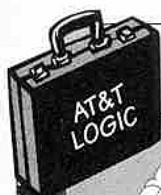
Consumer Product Factoid: 97% of all Mylar plasticene sheets are used to keep 1995 Chipper Jones cards in absolute perfect mint condition — so they'll always be worth not a penny less than the other 3,000,000 mint cards out there.





Consumer Product Factoid: 77% of all Deal-A-Meal cards are used as drink coasters for Baskin Robbins thick shakes.





Give the pink slip to thousands and thousands of workers who contribute to the company's growth...



...while giving millions of dollars to outgoing senior management whose boneheaded ideas and mismanagement got the company in trouble in the first place!



Spend the maximum amount of money on commercials that show clean-cut kids serving customers...



...while spending the minimum amount of money on the actual kids who handle the job!

EXECUTIVE DERISION DEPT.

There's a good reason why you'll never make it in the business world, and it has nothing to do with your intelligence (or lack thereof, Peabrain)! Your problem is that you don't think like a big shot corporate exec! Remember, being a misguided, moronic pinhead isn't enough! You have to be a misguided, moronic pinhead who's stupid enough to spend truckloads of money to carry out your worst ideas! You'll see what we mean in...

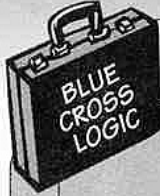
a MAD guide to



Offer senior citizen discounts to expand your audience...



...while showing movies that nobody over fourteen could possibly stomach!



Keep clients healthy by sending them free pamphlets on "How to Reduce Stress"...



...while stressing them out by raising their rates every three months!



Schedule shows that only an egghead could love...



...while running fund-raising appeals that only an airhead would fall for!



Create a multi-million dollar campaign urging people to use public phones...

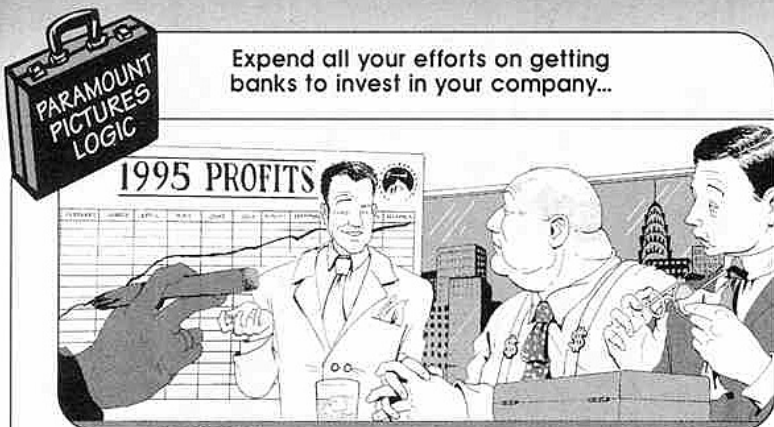


...while spending next to nothing to keep them in working order!

CORPORATE THINKING

ARTIST: TIMOTHY SHAMEY

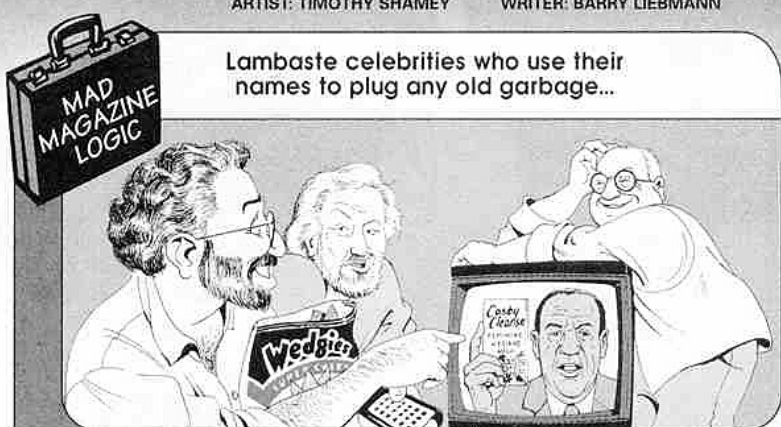
WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN



Expend all your efforts on getting banks to invest in your company...



...while announcing to the whole world that a movie grossing \$500 million lost money!



Lambaste celebrities who use their names to plug any old garbage...



...while selling your name to the Fox Network for their latest SNL rip-off!

MARRED ATTACKS! DEPT.

There's an unknown force taking over all the major cities, destroying everything in its path. And this time it's not Donald Trump! No, this force is so sinister, so scary that everyone on earth is rushing out to the drugstore to stock up on the only product that can help them now! You guessed it, buckeroo! No doubt about it...

IT'S DEPENDS DAY

I calculated the distance of those strange noises we've been hearing at 240,000 miles away! I think they're coming from the moon!

Damn, they must be making some racket up there for us to be able to hear them from down here!

Open the window and tell them to hold down that noise! Some people on Earth are trying to sleep!

Advanced Satellite Institute
To Look For Stuff In The Sky



The boys from Air Traffic Control say some dark, menacing object is hovering over city after city, plunging them into total darkness!

Sounds like the work of those bastard electric utilities! They warned us they'd get even if we didn't give them that last rate increase!

Maybe the noise is from Russian spy equipment!

The Russians don't have spy equipment anymore! They're so broke, all they can do is send us self-addressed, stamped envelopes and ask us to send them secrets in return!

General Grave, Joint Chief of Stuff, reporting, sir! Mr. President, there are huge, unknown objects looming over many of our large cities!

Secretary of The Fence Numskull here! I've spoken with scientists from nations around the world, Mr. President, and they're even more confused than we are about what's happening!

Damn! The United States is the greatest nation on Earth! It's our duty as world leader that we should be more confused than any other country!

The press has been making up their own stories about this impending disaster! But I told them to stop immediately! As your Communications Secretary, I told them it's OUR job to make up the stories, and THEIR job to report what we make up as fact!

As the first lady, I have nothing to say or do with how my husband handles this emergency! I keep my nose out of all his affairs! I'll bet President Clinton wished he had had a first lady like me!

I TALK WITH GRACE COOLIDGE

MORE FBI FILES

Tones

These radar pictures just show a grainy image of a huge, vague object! After running these photos through billions of dollars of our best scientific equipment we can confirm that it is indeed some grainy image of a huge, vague object!

Good work! And to think that the taxpayers think we waste their dollars on useless technology!

Put every single American military base on alert!

It's the July 4th weekend! Sixty percent of our boys are home on leave and drunk out of their minds!

Well then, what about the other 40%?

They're at their BASES drunk out of their minds! But there's no need for alarm! Our all-nation defense treaty specifically states: "No attacks on holiday weekends!"

Sir, we should put our troops on yellow or even red alert!

Don't we have any other colors? Just red and yellow?

Sorry, it's only those two colors, sir!

We should make a nice blue alert! It may be too late for THIS Independence Day, but for NEXT Fourth of July, I want a blue alert! That's an executive order!

There is mass hysteria everywhere! We should know, CNN helped create it! If you're not hysterical yet, think about this: there's a big, scary thing in the sky approaching! It's moving too slowly to be a comet or a meteor! But it's not as slow-moving as the plot for this movie! An AWACKY plane has been sent up to investigate! If you want your friends to see you on TV, this is a good time to get out on the streets and panic for our cameras!

Oh my God! I'm at 50,000 feet and the entire sky is on fire!

There's a fire extinguisher in the glove compartment! Use it!

Hey, I'm talking about a fireball a hundred miles long!

You have a canteen filled with water! Use it!

I'm so scared my bladder is about to explode!

A full bladder? There's your answer, fella: use it!

I'm Conjob Holdbook, the President's Communications Secretary! He wants to impress upon you that there is no danger as of now! But, merely as a safety precaution, you may wish to seek shelter in a doorway, a basement, or better yet — Mars!

But What if those aliens came from Mars?

You mean Mars attacks? That's a different movie! Look for it soon in a theater near you!

This might be a good time to look in on the sub-plot monitors!

Hmmm, hot shot pilot denied admission into NASA? Yawn city!

Crop duster father becomes dead hero pilot! I'm about to heave!

Lady injured in helicopter crash! Boring! Even worse, she looks a little bit like the First Lady! Hah!

Stripper with heart of gold wants out of the tawdry life! Gimme a break! Nothing lost if all these dreary sub-plot people get zapped by aliens!

Look, every channel has snow, static and distortion! It's a total breakdown!

Not a *total* breakdown! Our computer is still billing customers for their service!

That's my son, Mr. Smarty Cable Technician!

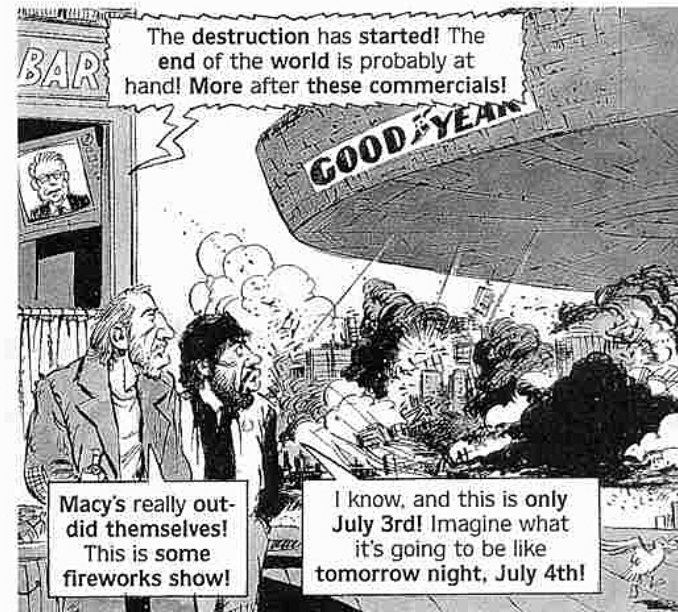
And that's my dad, Mr. Stereotype Jewish Comedy Relief Father!



I got a lock on that strange signal! It's a countdown to doom! If we don't get to Washington to warn the President, the world will probably end! But more importantly, I've got to tell my ex-wife, the President's Communications Secretary! We split up because we had some sexual incompatibility problems!

I know! I read about it in the papers, Micro-Minute Man!

That was one of the problems of being married to a Communications Secretary! She had to release details of EVERYTHING to the press!



Macy's really out-did themselves! This is some fireworks show!

I know, and this is only July 3rd! Imagine what it's going to be like tomorrow night, July 4th!

Mr. President, we are sending up our ultimate weapon, the Stealth Bomber!

As you probably know, those planes are just about invisible!

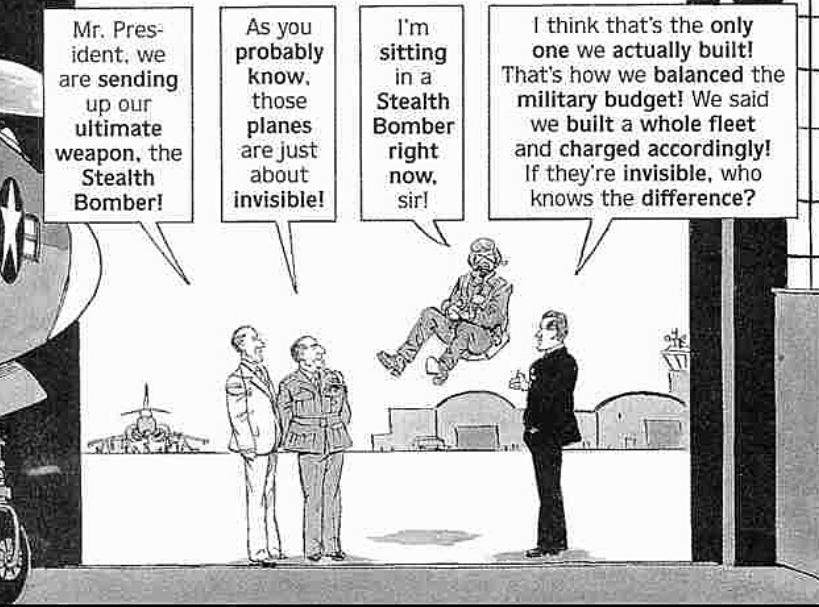
I'm sitting in a Stealth Bomber right now, sir!

I think that's the only one we actually built! That's how we balanced the military budget! We said we built a whole fleet and charged accordingly! If they're invisible, who knows the difference?

I wish I had ordered an evacuation! I don't know how many innocent people died today because of me!

I do sir, 9,453,127!

I didn't need a specific number! You computer geeks go too far sometimes!



Gentlemen, this is the briefing room, so I'll be brief! You will lead our counter attack against the alien fighters! You'll be airborne in one hour!

Yeah, and according to my calculations, you'll be dead in about one hour and two minutes! Hasta la vista, baby!

Will you shut that damn lap-top off!

Sir, every missile we fire blows up exactly one quarter of a mile from the alien ship! Requesting additional orders!

Move a quarter of a mile closer, schmuck! You need me to tell you that?

I'm outsmarting one of those alien fighters with this super-sonic chase! I'll make him crash into the canyon walls!

You must have gone to top gun flight school to fly like that!

What flight school? I learned to fly like this on my Sega Genesis!

Why wasn't I told about this top secret Air Force Base?

Air Force Base? I don't see an Air Force Base!

That one sitting out there in front of us!

Oh, you mean the STEALTH Air Force Base! You can see it? I guess there's a glitch in the system!

Don't give me that bull! Why wasn't I told we have a secret base out here?

We didn't tell you so that you wouldn't be lying when you denied knowing about it! Unlike all those other things you do know about, but deny knowing about anyway!

Oh yeah? Well, I deny I heard that!

AREA



SPACE
INVADE

This is Dr. Okay! He's been working at this facility in total secrecy for years! Dr. Okay, meet the President of the United States!

I'm truly honored to meet you, President Carter!

Wow! He HAS been working in secret for a long time! But I guess that has its pluses! A lot of us wish we'd never heard of President Reagan, either!

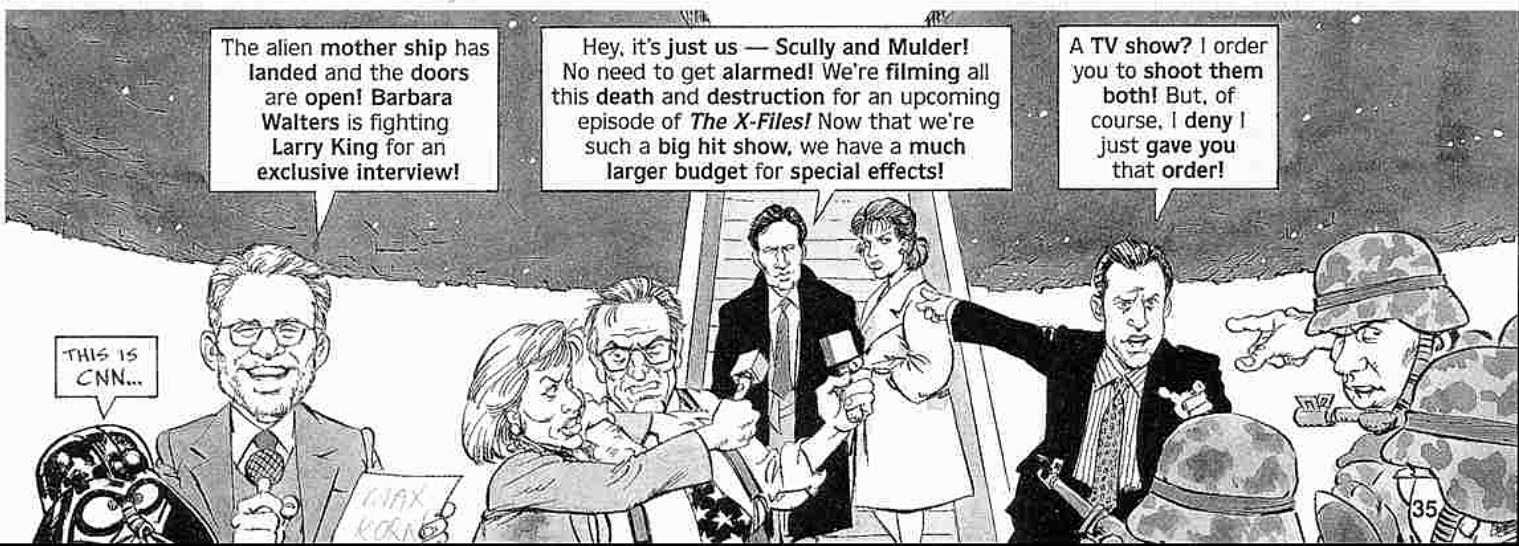
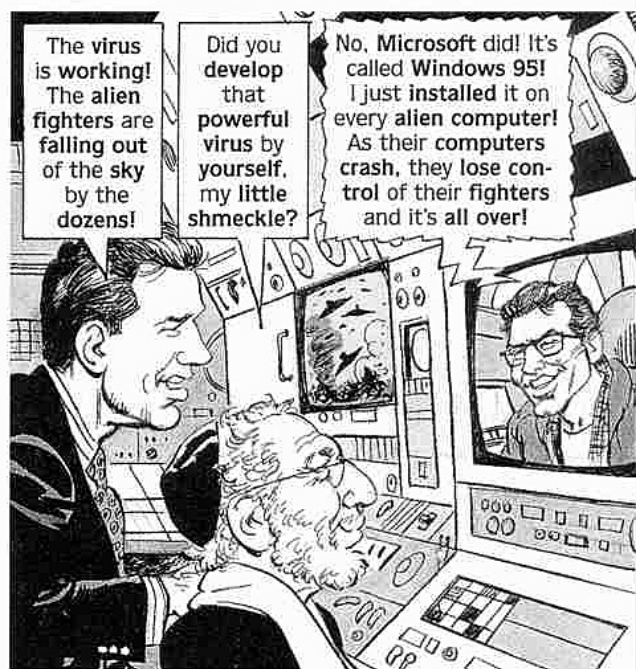
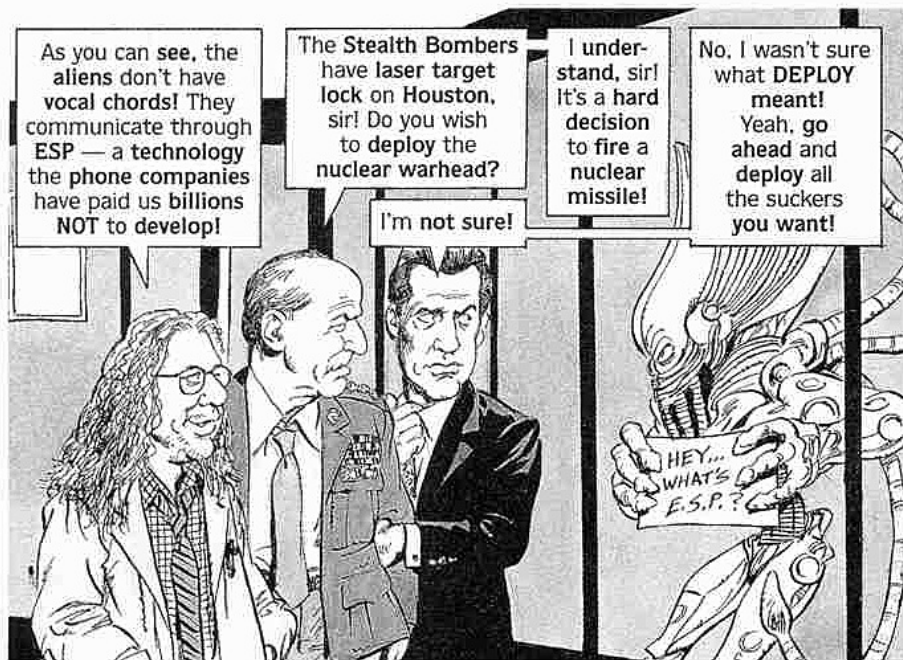
We've hidden a lot from the public! This is an alien attack plane we captured a while back!

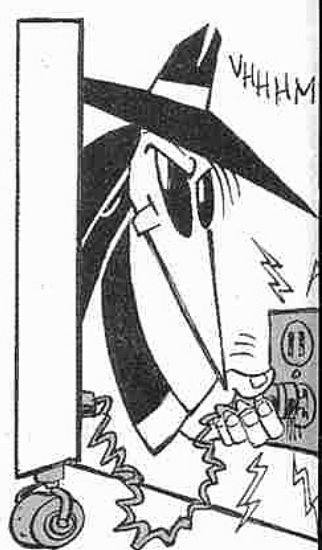
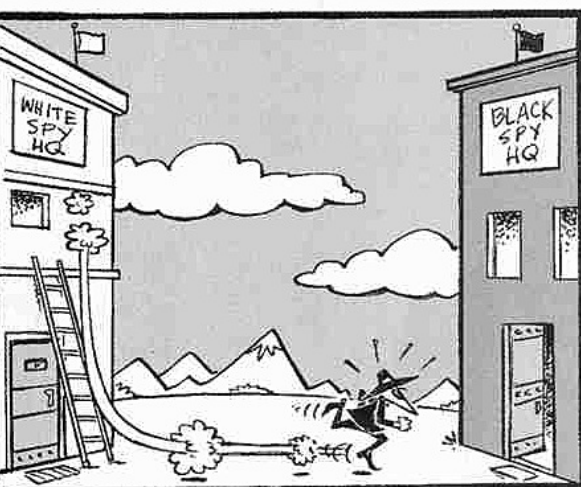
An alien attack plane? That's amazing!

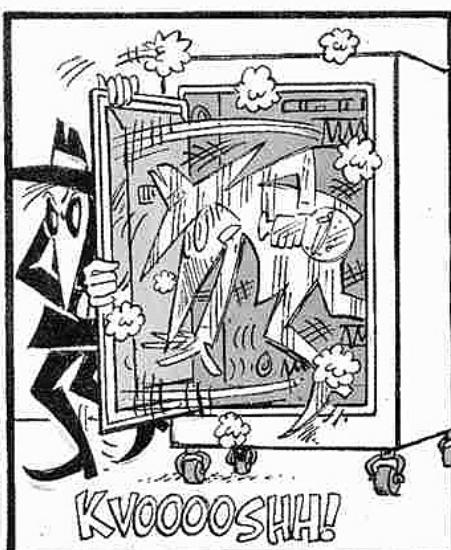
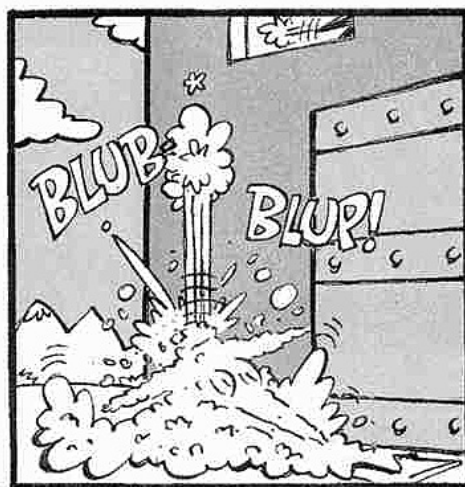
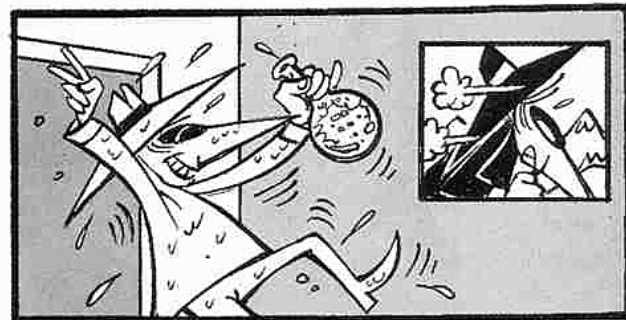
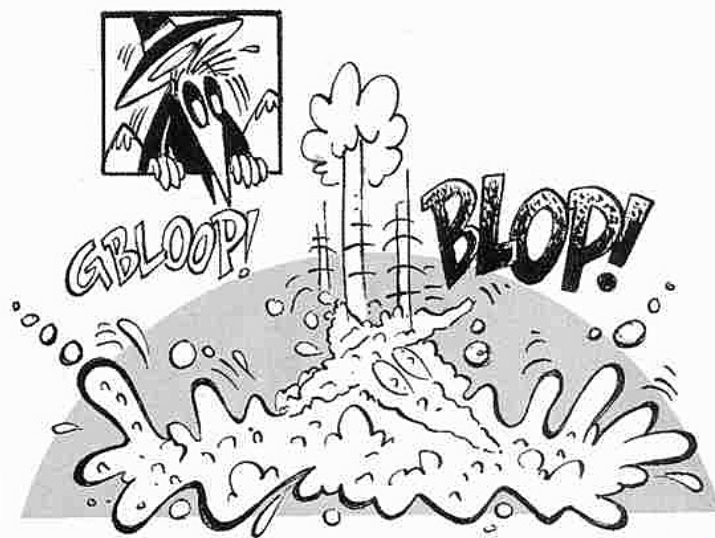
That's nothing! Wanna go into the next room and watch Elvis and Big-foot feed the Loch Ness Monster?

Doctor, tell us about the enemy we're facing!

They're much like us! They breathe oxygen and have similar tolerance to heat and cold! But they have far less tolerance for Regis & Kathie Lee! It makes them deathly ill!







SHOVING IT UP THEIR ASSETS DEPT.

First it was Ross Perot, then it was Steve Forbes. Hell, if having obscene amounts of money is the only criteria for running for political office Michael

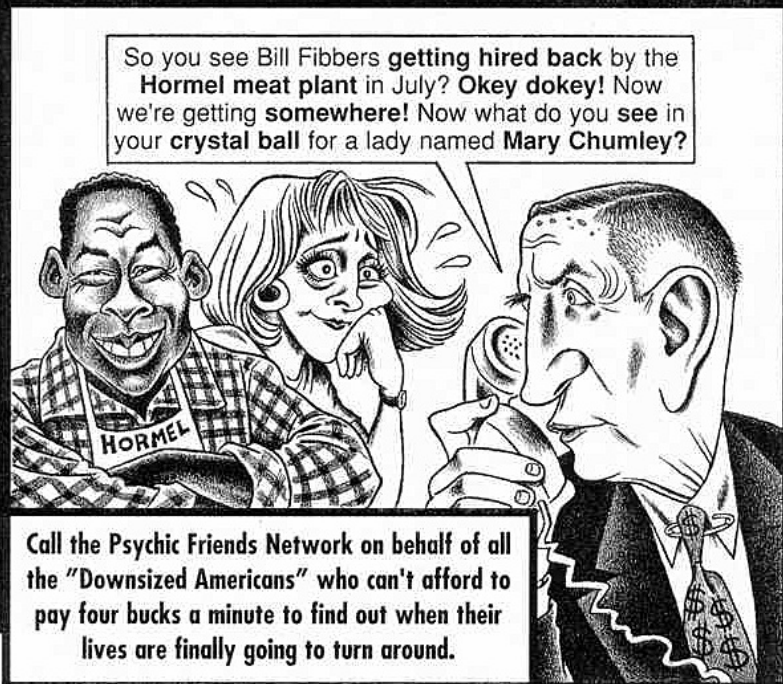
BETTER THINGS BILLIONAIRES CAN DO TO

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

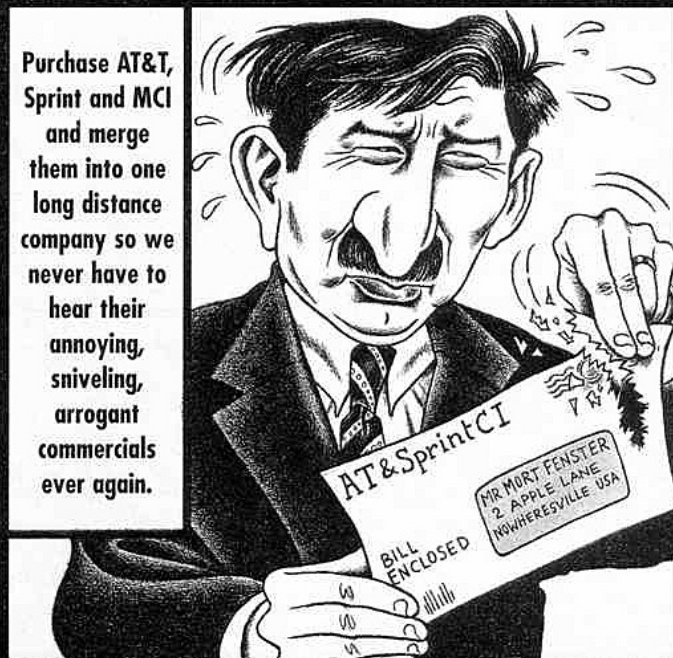


Purchase all the tickets to concerts in advance and then sell them to people at face value so fans won't have to pay scalpers' prices.



Call the Psychic Friends Network on behalf of all the "Downsized Americans" who can't afford to pay four bucks a minute to find out when their lives are finally going to turn around.

Purchase AT&T, Sprint and MCI and merge them into one long distance company so we never have to hear their annoying, sniveling, arrogant commercials ever again.



Buy the rights to every now-defunct sitcom ever made and don't ever sell them so we don't have to run the risk of seeing the film versions of *Joanie Loves Chachi*, *Amen*, *Aftermath* or *The Facts of Life*.

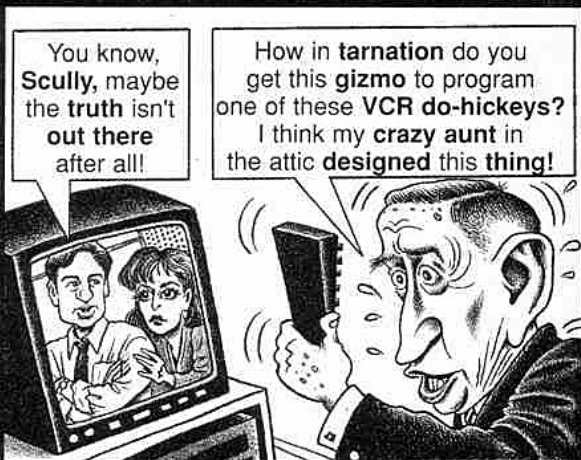
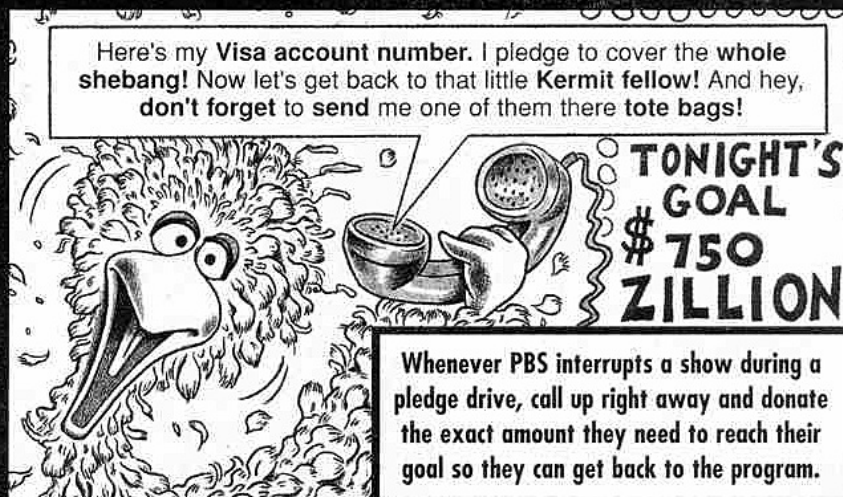
Jackson might be next! Well, we think these guys shouldn't be wasting their time in politics. If they *really* want to help the country they should peruse these...

HELP THE U.S.A. THAN RUN FOR PRESIDENT

Sponsor every starving child in the Third World so we never have to see Sally Struthers fill our TV screens again.



Start a laser surgery fund for the millions of Generation X-ers who are going to want their faded out, pathetic looking tattoos removed thirty years from now.



Videotape *The X-Files* for everyone in the country who wants to go out on Friday nights.

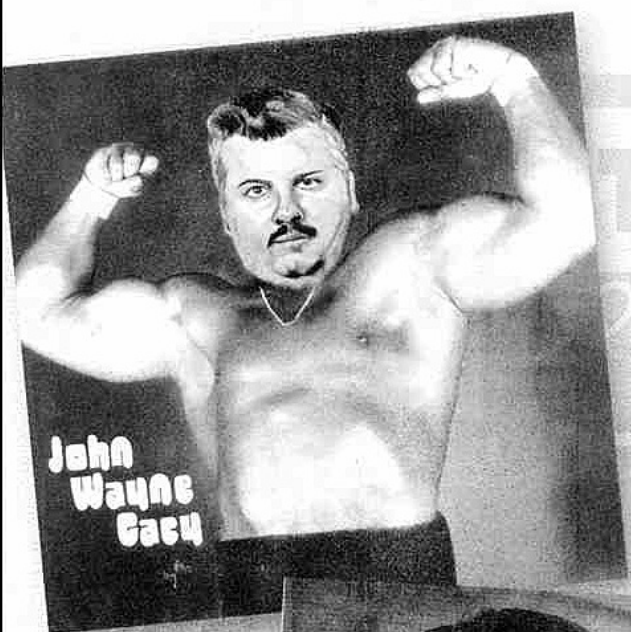


Purchase all the firearms west of Ohio to prevent any more militia standoffs.

COMING APART AT THE THEMES DEPT.

Everyone loves a good calendar, but the truth is they're hard to find. Enough already with the Fabio, Garfield, Sierra Club, Cheerleaders Of The Yucatan crap! We want something new, something bold, innovative and daring! Unfortunately, you'll find nothing but more of the same old crap in...

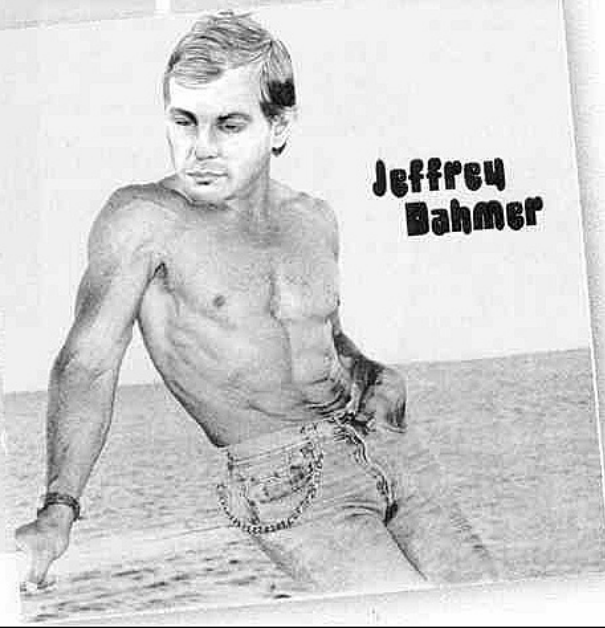
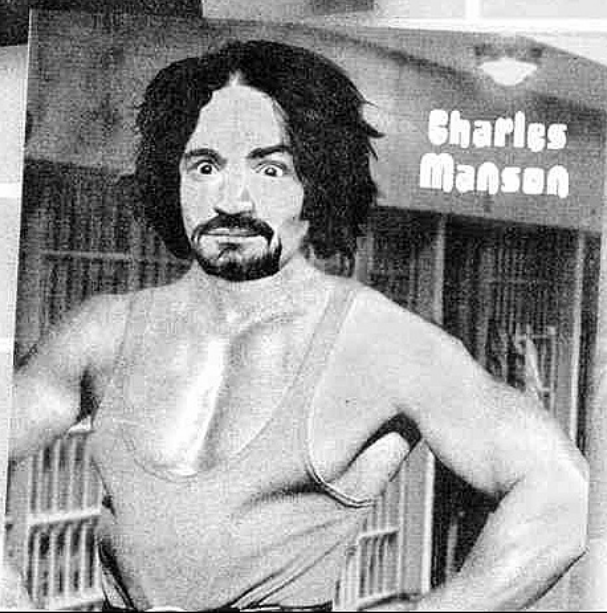
MAD'S CALENDAR PREVIEW



Sexy Psychopaths

With the unprecedented success of the *Studmuffins of Science and Garbage-men of Connecticut* calendars,

this one promises to be a drop-dead best seller among the ladies. *Sexy Psychopaths* features 12 of history's most deranged, pumped-up losers, all well-tanned, well-oiled and well-rested. Each month highlights a different lunatic and the dates of his gruesome killing spree, the date of his execution/parole and the date the made-for-TV movie about his gruesome killing spree first aired. (Happy Harmony Press, \$12.95)



Steve
Howe

New York Yankees Substance Abusers

All the legendary Bronx Bombers are here from Babe Ruth, Mickey Mantle and Billy

Martin to Darryl Strawberry, Dwight Gooden and Steve Howe. Lifetime statistics for each Yankee alcoholic, pothead or cocaine addict include Batting Average, Grams

Snorted, Runs Batted In, Bong Hits Taken, Earned Run Average, Fifts Consumed and Organs Destroyed. Includes monthly cocktail recipes by former Yankees first baseman/drunk driver, Joe Pepitone. (Betty Ford Licensing, \$17.95)

Dwight
Gooden

Babe
Ruth

Captain Kirk's Star Trek Movie Toupees

This most recent desperate attempt

to squeeze every last cent out of the popularity of *Star Trek* comes up a winner! Each month spotlights a different and actual hairpiece worn by the beloved and excessively vain William Shatner. Included is the classic mussed-up toupee from tussling with Ricardo Montalban in *Star Trek II: The Wrath Of Khan* and the infamous dripping wet toupee from the underwater whale scenes in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. A bonus 13th month shows an impressive selection of wigs Shatner donned as host of *Rescue 911*. (Rocket Man Press, \$16.95)

William Shatner

William Shatner

The Rats of New York City

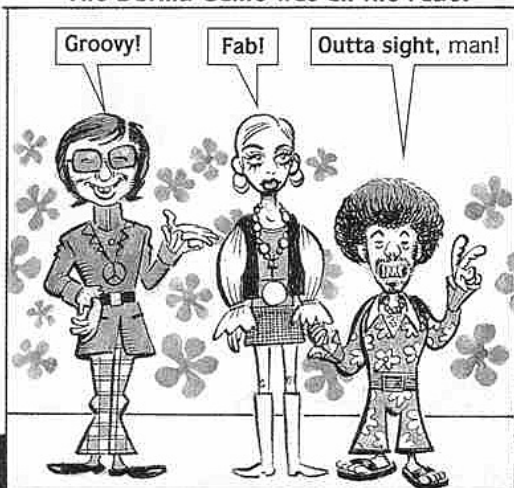
In the tradition of such animals-in-costume calendars as *Puppies On Parade* and *Krazy Kittens* comes this endearing eye-catcher, which proves the same approach works when applied to the Big Apple's disease-spreading rodents.

Includes 12 full-color, museum-quality prints of the inner city's most irascible vermin, PLUS a seasonal rat-spotting guide. (The Foaming Dog Company, \$15.75)



COURT-SHIP TV DEPT.

Way back in the 1960s and '70s,
The Dating Game was all the rage!



Then, in the '80s, it was Chuck
and the Love Connection!



So, what is there today for the
lovelorn Couch-Potato of the '90s?



No! Something even MORE degrading — the
TACKIEST "Win-A-Date" show in TV history!
Yep, every night MTV tries to match up...



ARTIST: BILL WYATT
WRITER: MIKE SPIDER

Right here we have 50 guys! This is Damien — the only action he's had in the past year is rubbing himself against the TV screen during Bjork videos!



Right here we have 50 girls! This is La'Lisa — she writes to men in prison, and wants to settle down someday with a nice serial killer!



And now, let's meet our host — the man at the very bottom of both the game show and the MTV "food chains" — Diss Hardup!

Thank you, thank you! Welcome to *Single Louts* — the show where true love and romance always take a back seat to sarcasm, lame jokes and cheap sexual innuendo!

We're going to take these 100 people and send two of them — that's right, two! — on an actual date!



That's only a two percent chance! Why do they stand for it?

'Cause most of these losers stand about a ZERO percent chance out in the real world!



But first, let's meet my co-host, that discount Vanna White, the always-WAY-too-excited Jammy McAirhead!

WOOOO!!!
So, how was your weekend, Jammy?

WOOOO!!!
Did you find a good parking space today?

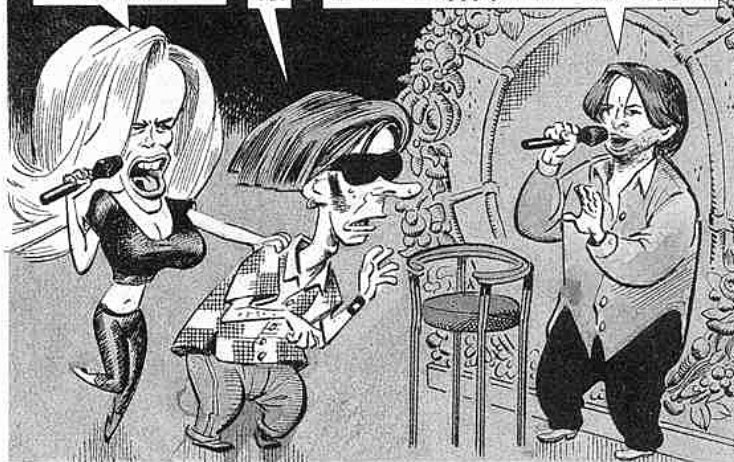
WOOOO!!!
Hey, if I can do anything to cheer you up, just lemme know!



Well, Diss, what would really drive me W-W-WILD is you bringing out our first player! WOOOO!! WOOOO!! WOOOO!!!

Your wish is my command, O Easily-Amused One! He's a 22-year-old video store clerk who's waiting for Hollywood to make him the next Quentin Tarantino — ooo, good career plan! Please welcome Damien!

Yo. Cut the snappy patter! That's my job!



Hey, Diss — what's with the blind-fold, huh?

Take a look at the women around you! We wanted him to come here, not bolt for the nearest exit!

Okay, round one! We've got 50 girls back there and we want you to ruthlessly narrow them down to eight or less, without even meeting them, on the basis of these arbitrary categories: Hairstyle, Hooters, Brain Cells, Shoe Size, Infections and Credit Cards I Can Use!

It's a tough call, dude, but I'll take Hair-style!

Wait a minute! If they're eliminating 42 contestants right off the bat then why'd they even bring them out in the first place?!?

Hey, this is MTV! You want logic, get a job at CNN or The Discovery Channel!

All right, Damien, who do you want to get rid of?

Gee, Diss — I'm kinda tired of that "Rachel look"! Let's dump those!

HAIRSTYLE
"RACHEL"
NOT RACHEL

Uh, Diss, I hate to be a spoil-sport...

YOU COULD OF HAD THESE!!

...but that was all of them!!!

Whoa! I knew that *Friends* was getting a little too popular!

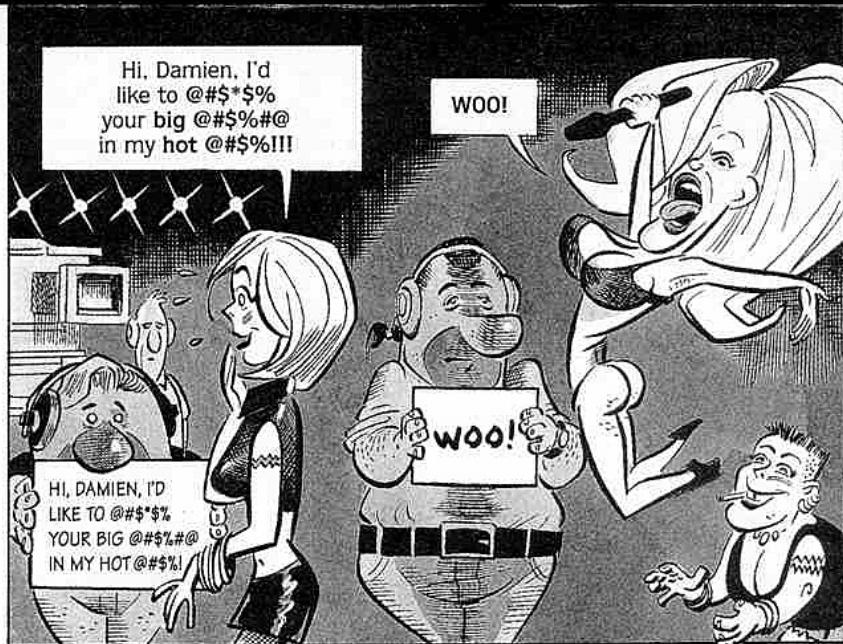
This could be trouble! I guess I'll have to improvise!

All right, listen up! Any girl named Tiffani with an "i" who loves Hootie, Brad Pitt and nose-rings, get back here! You're officially UN-dumped!

Do I have my finger on the pulse of this generation or what?



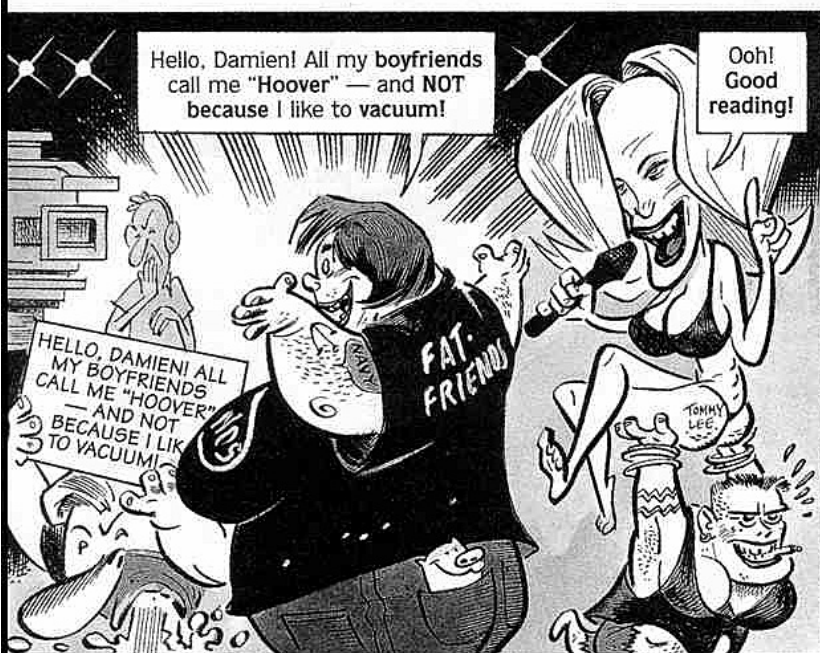
Jammy, let's have the women each say something rude, crude and, hopefully, lewd to Damien here!



Hi, Damien, I'd like to @#\$%\$ your big @#\$%#@ in my hot @#\$%!!

WOO!

HI, DAMIEN, I'D LIKE TO @#\$%\$ YOUR BIG @#\$%#@ IN MY HOT @#\$%!!



Hello, Damien! All my boyfriends call me "Hoover" — and NOT because I like to vacuum!

Ooh! Good reading!



Hi, Damien! Let's get to know each other first, and see what happens!

— huh?! Whoa! A rare moment of sincerity on *Single Louts*!

Don't worry — we can edit it out before the show airs!



Now it's on to Round Two — where the "lucky" ones who survived the humiliation of Round One are forced to do lots of even MORE humiliating stuff! Okay, Damien, pretend that you just thought up what our hack writers put on those cards in front of you!

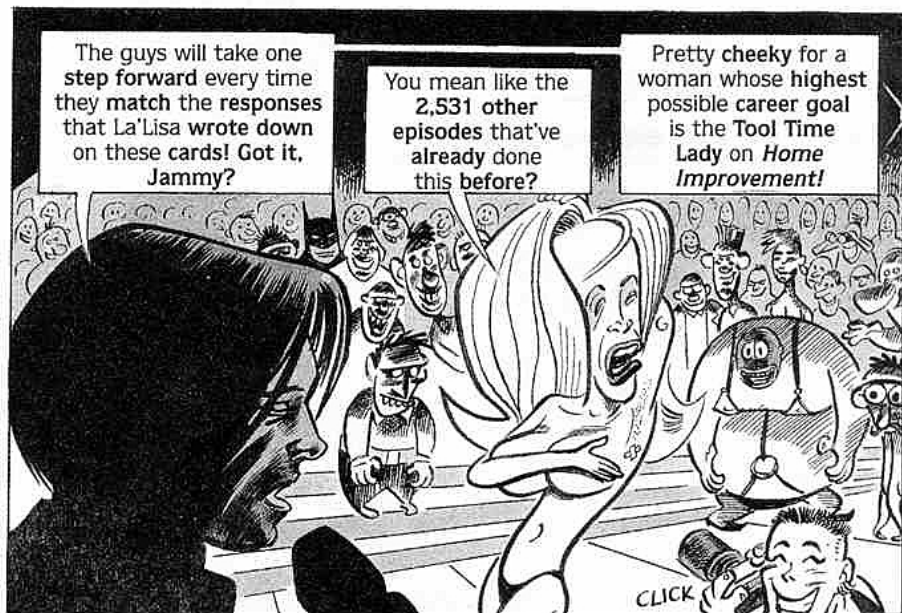
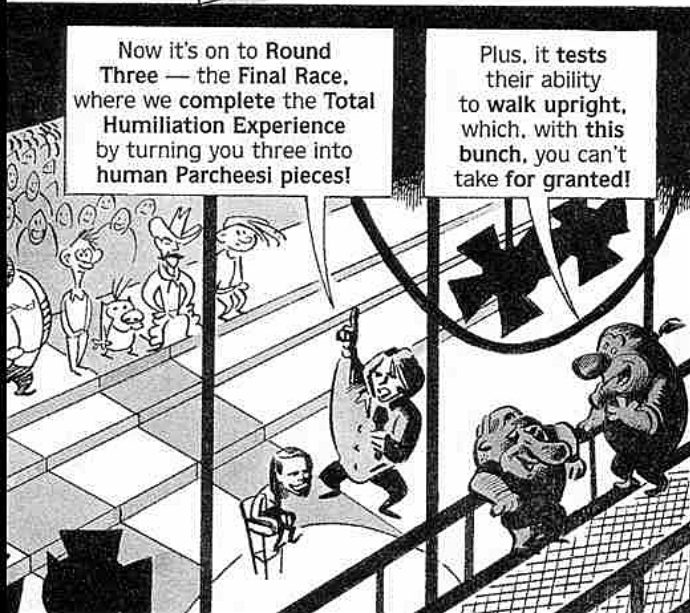
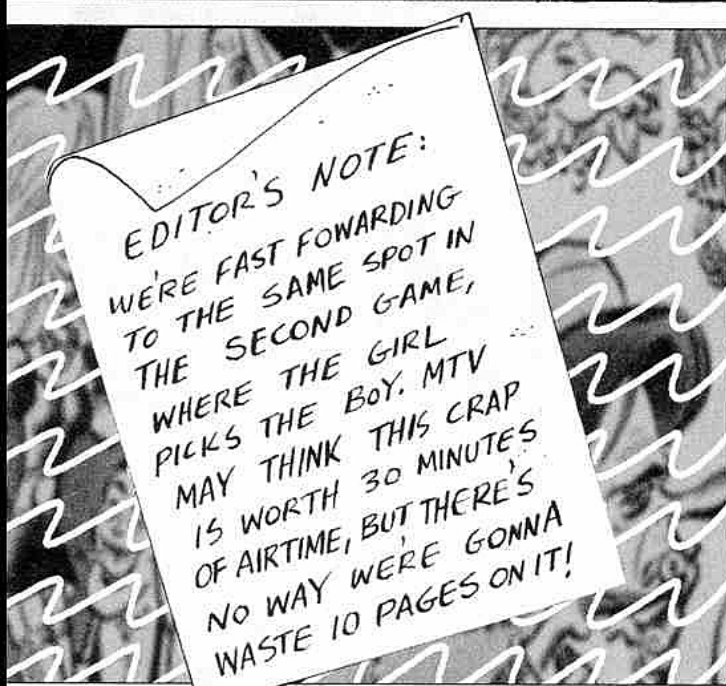
Man, isn't ANY of this dreck unscripted?!

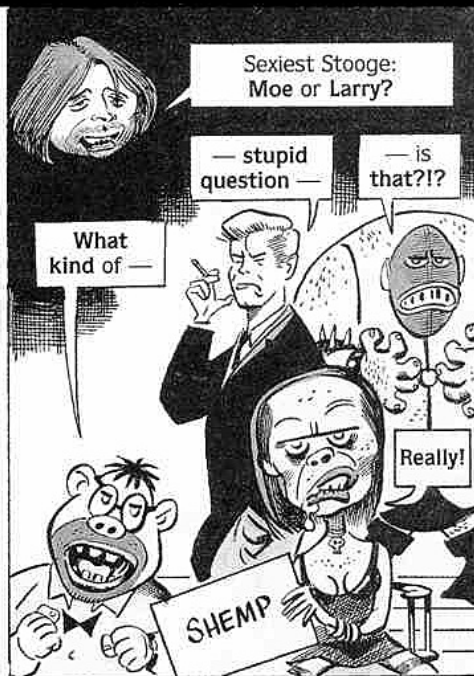
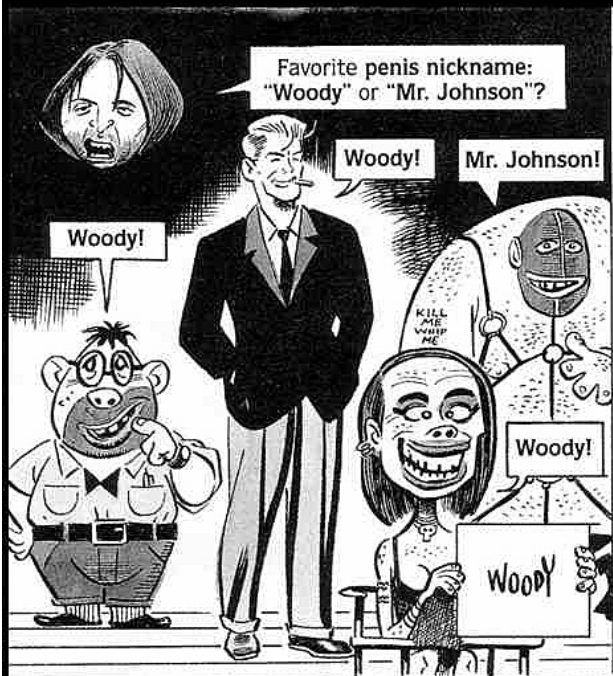
Get real! These are people whose conversational role models are Beavis and Butt-head!



Uhhh, here goes: "I... can't...believe...this... chump j-job...my agent... got me! I should...be... writing for...Letterman or Leno...instead of... some...schlock-fest... on MTV, for God's sake —

Whoops! That's a little deeper into the writers' minds than we wanted to get! Try the next card!





**WHAT IS FAST
REPLACING
DR. KEVORKIAN
AS THE NUMBER
ONE MEANS
OF ASSISTED
SUICIDE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every few months Dr. Kevorkian (AKA Dr. Death) appears in the news either after helping a terminally ill person commit suicide or because he is on trial for his participation. These days, however, Dr. K has some outside competition. To find out how people are killing themselves without Dr. Kevorkian's help, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**PAINFUL ILLNESS USED TO BE THE FORE-
MOST REASON FOR SUICIDE. NOW CRAZIES ARE ACHING
TO GET THEMSELVES OFFED JUST FOR FUN**

ARTIST AND WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ►

◀ B

There's been much debate recently over whether students in public schools should be forced to adhere to a standardized dress code. Supporters believe it would reduce violence and encourage kids to have more respect for others (mainly, the ones enforcing the dress code)! Opponents insist it would be a violation of the students' freedom of expression. Well, we think we can make both sides of this profoundly unimportant issue happy with...

MAD'S MANDATORY SCHOOL UNIFORM FOR THE '90s

Nicotine Patch to
Feed Cigarette
Addiction

Extra Large
Pockets for
Beeper and
Cellular Phone

Buckle to Attach
Sony Discman for
Listening Pleasure
During Classes

Plastic Zipper to
Prevent Triggering
of Metal Detectors
and Subsequent
Unnecessary Frisking

Knee Pads to Break
Fall When Dodging
Stray Bullets

Air Holes to
Prevent
Chafing from
Nipple Rings

Convenient
Opening
to Draw Blood
for Random
Drug Tests

Puffy Sleeves
for Easy
Application of
Handcuffs by
School
Security

Handy Pouch to
Hold Condoms
Distributed by
School Officials

I.V. Hookup for
Administering
Liquid Prozac
Into Ankle Vein
of Brooding
Youth

